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The Grail



THE PURIFICATION

Martin Feuerstein

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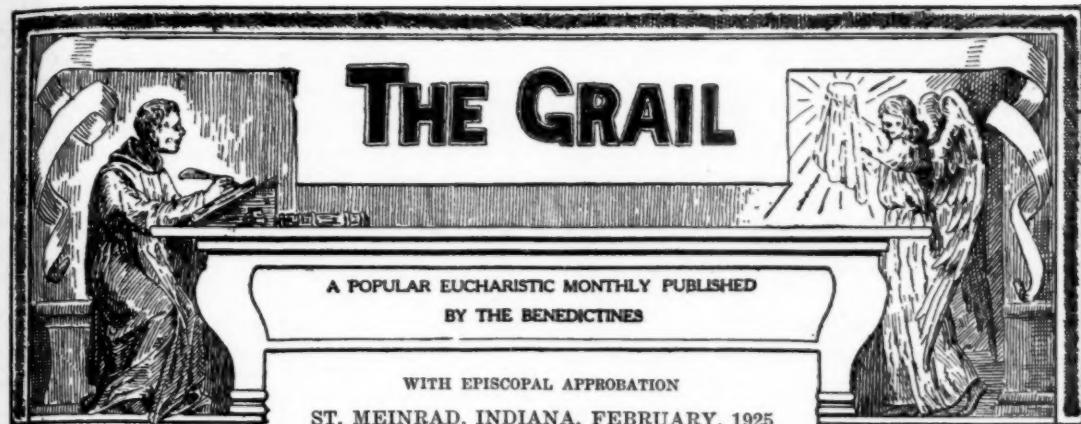
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Jesus! Who wert at Emmaus known
In breaking bread, and thus art shown
Unto Thy people now,
Oh may my heart within me burn
When at the altar I discern
Thy Body, Lord! and bow.—Faber.

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament will give us one thing which we greatly need, the gift and grace of joy in Jesus Christ.—Faber.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Purification of Mary

The illustration that graces the cover page of THE GRAIL for February is from a painting by Martin Feuerstein (born 1856), a celebrated painter of our day. The feast of the Purification, which is frequently called Candlemas, occurs on February 2nd. According to the Old Law every first-born, "as well of men as of beasts," had to be sanctified to the Lord. The male child was to be circumcised on the eighth day after his birth, but the mother was not permitted to enter the sanctuary until the days of her purification had been fulfilled, thirty-one days later. The scene presented in the illustration portrays the purification of Our Blessed Lady in the temple at Jerusalem. Mary presents the Child Jesus to the Lord. St. Joseph brings "a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons," the gift of the poor, "to offer a sacrifice." The "just and devout" Simeon, a holy old man, who had been "waiting for the consolation of Israel, . . . took Him into his arms, and blessed God," breaking forth in the beautiful canticle, "Nunc dimittis—Now dismiss thy servant, O Lord"—which the Church sings in the divine office. The aged Anna, a holy "widow until fourscore and four years, who departed not from the temple, by fastings and prayers serving night and day," was likewise waiting and yearning for the coming of the Savior. Entering the temple, and beholding the Desired of Nations, "she confessed to the Lord"—sang His praises; "and spoke of Him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel."

Catholic Press Month

The patron of the Catholic Press is St. Francis de Sales, whose feast falls on January 27th. February, which opens only a few days later, has been designated as Catholic Press Month. This month has been set aside to get Catholics interested in the broadcasting of the truths of their holy religion, not only among non-Catholics, but especially among Catholics themselves, to fan the smoldering embers of faith into a flame and

make them earnest and zealous Christians. On Catholic Press Month bishops will issue pastoral or send out circular letters to exhort pastors to remind the flocks committed to their charge of the duty that the faithful have of supporting the Catholic press. No one, of course, will have the hardihood to suspect the bishops of being in league with editors and managers of Catholic periodicals for the purpose of working a pious graft. Their motives are lofty—the extension of the benevolent influence of the kingdom of Christ on earth.

MISSION OF CATHOLIC PRESS

The Catholic Press is a missionary that can enter the houses where a priest would be unwelcome. It is a missionary that can hold converse with those that the priest cannot approach. It is a missionary, in fine, that has made many converts. Many a person owes his conversion to the chance reading of a Catholic paper or magazine that fell into his hands. A case in point is the conversion of a young Japanese, who learned of the Catholic religion through the reading of a scrap of newspaper that he picked up on the street. He is now one of the most fervent members of the Trappist community at Hokkaido, Japan. Catholics should get into the habit of dropping Catholic papers in public places, in street cars, on trains, in waiting rooms, where someone or several persons are bound to pick them up and read them. When you have read your Catholic papers and magazines, don't throw them away. Send them to the hospital, old folks home, library, social club, workhouse, or some other place where they may do good. Missionaries in India, the islands of the Pacific, and in so many other places beg their more fortunate fellow Catholics to remail to them the discarded paper and magazine. Do not forget the mission feature of the Catholic Press and be its staunch defender.

DO CATHOLICS PATRONIZE THE CATHOLIC PRESS?

That Catholics read much is evident from the stacks of newspapers and magazines that enter their homes. But what do they read? Unfortunately a great part

of the trash that enters their home is scarcely fit for the furnace. Yes, Catholics are great readers, voracious readers, some of them, but their taste is often vitiated by contact with the world. Do they support the Catholic press? Some are faithful and loyal to the cause. Statistics show that only forty per cent of our Catholics subscribe to Catholic papers. And of this small per cent some do not even open the papers they subscribe to. Of the sixty per cent that remain, some, it may be, are too poor, but that is not the case with the majority of non-subscribers. Whence this apathy? Evidently a living, active faith is wanting.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON THE CATHOLIC PRESS

"We are in an age of the Apostolate of the Press. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands. All should take part in this apostolate; here at least there is work for everyone. For ten who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed."

HOW TO FURTHER THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS

Listen to the advice given by Rev. Father E. Lemire, a Minnesota pastor. "Condemning a bad condition," he says, "will rarely get us anywhere. We must act constructively. It is in the power of every Catholic to do something to create interest in the Catholic Press. Do you give birthday presents? Let these be subscriptions to Catholic journals. Do you join in shower parties in behalf of young couples about to be married? Let your gift be a year's subscription to the good, wholesome Catholic daily newspaper, weekly, or monthly periodical. If you wish to manifest your friendship to a non-Catholic friend, enter his name on the subscription list of some good paper that makes it a special feature to explain in a friendly way the beauties of your holy religion.

"By way of good example it will be our practice henceforth to give subscriptions to Catholic periodicals in all church activities in which prizes are offered."

God hath Blinded the Unbeliever

God is good and merciful, He loves all men and wills that all be saved. Yet St. Paul (2 Cor. 4:4) says: "The God of this world hath blinded the minds of unbelievers, that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not shine upon them."

The Apostle here refers to those who were unwilling to believe, as was the case of the Jews who refused to acknowledge Christ, and of the apostates who denied Him. For those, however, who were born in the darkness of unbelief, or in the shadow of heresy, the fault is not theirs, and if they do not stubbornly refuse the light of faith, they will not necessarily be blinded.

When, by way of punishment, God withdraws from the obstinate unbeliever the light of His grace, after it has long been offered in vain, He is said in the

language of the Scriptures to "blind the mind" of the unbeliever, that is, He permits him to continue in his unbelief and perversity. Similarly, a sinner may also refuse to cooperate with the grace of conversion, and live on in his sins. If then, to punish him, God withdraws the grace offered, He is said to "harden the heart" of the sinner.

A concrete example may show this more clearly. A traveler in a strange land is hunting his way through an unknown country on a dark stormy night. There is a good road, and he will be safe if he follow it. Should he, however, wander from the beaten track, he may without previous warning fall into one of the many pitfalls at either side and be hurled into eternity. As he goes along in the midst of all these dangers, a powerful searchlight in the distance is turned on. The way is now clear and he can reach his destination in safety. But he has free will, and if he doesn't choose to see the way, he can cover his eyes and stumble along to his peril, even though the brightness of day surround him. If, now, the man in charge of the searchlight, who is doing this act of charity, were informed of the abnormal situation, he could turn the switch, thus "blinding" the traveler by leaving him to wander along in the dark to his own fate, because he would not accept the help that was offered him. When the unbeliever, or the sinner, refuses to walk in the light of the grace that God offers him, he may be left in the darkness of his choice. The light of grace may then, like the switch, be said to be turned off, for it is no longer offered, and the unfortunate individual is "blinded," for he cannot see his way in the spiritual darkness that surrounds him.

For these we ought to pray that the light of faith may become their guiding star. These are an object of special solicitude to the International Eucharistic League, which was established to help bring about the union of Christendom—"that all men may be one." Union and harmony among Catholics, the return to the Church of all non-Catholic Christians, and the conversion of all non-Christians, is the threefold object of the International Eucharistic League. The Holy Eucharist is to be the bond that should unite all men in one grand union. For this threefold intention the members of the International Eucharistic League are asked (1) to make a short daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world, (2) to offer up an occasional Mass heard and Holy Communion received. There are no other requirements, no obligatory fees or collections. The League is a union of prayer and other good works. The editor of THE GRAIL will be glad to enroll you. Send for a certificate of admission.

Warning to Catholic Tourists

The N. C. W. C. News Service has sent out a warning to the Catholics of the United States in which it calls attention especially to two points. Some of the tours that have been arranged by steamship companies, or by other concerns, do not permit tourists to remain in Rome long enough to gain the indulgence of the

jubilee—ten days are required for tourists, while for those who live at Rome it is twenty days; then, in some instances, where it is said that a chaplain will accompany the tour, a Protestant minister is meant, though this is not disclosed in the literature.

A number of tours for Catholics have been arranged for the spring, summer, and autumn of this year. Catholics who intend to go abroad during the year, will do well to investigate before setting out, if they wish to visit places of special interest to them, or desire to fulfill the conditions required for gaining the indulgence of the jubilee, which are, to receive the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist, and to visit during ten days the Basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Maggiore.

One of these Catholic tours, arranged by the Gross Travel Bureau, with Rev. Geo. J. Breckel, pastor of St. Mary's Church, York, Pa., as chaplain, will be in Rome from May 4th to 18th, both days inclusive. A more extensive notice of this tour will be found on another page of this issue.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

"The Contrast"

"The Contrast," by Hilaire Belloc, has caused much comment in the American press. Mr. Belloc is a deep thinker and very original in consequence. He presents our own America to us in an aspect new to most or nearly all of us. Yet we cannot say that he is wrong. To an Englishman America may be, and probably is, all that the author says it is.

We like the conclusions that he draws,—all except one: namely, that Americanism and Catholicism are essentially in opposition. With the rest of the Catholic reviewers we raise our voice in dissent. Cardinal Gibbons, together with all our leading churchmen, has proved that it is just the good Catholic that makes a good citizen. It is true, that if our country makes iniquitous laws, we should not be allowed to obey them. Neither would any other conscientious man. That proves nothing against Catholic Americanism. The same would be the case in England or in any other country. But we must remember, too, that more than anywhere else, our constitution, together with the Supreme Courts, gives us the firmest assurance that such laws, though possible, are scarcely probable.

Pausing to See

Heaven is heaven and earth is earth; yet though we be of the earth and deal so constantly with things of earth, we are conscious at times that heaven is not so far away; it is in our power even now to partake of its joys. Heaven is the Presence and Sight of God; it is beatific peace and rest. And may we not enjoy this to a degree even on earth? Indeed we may. That is

the only true joy, the only satisfactory happiness possible to us.

But it is not possible to those whose mind and heart are bent to earth. If the acquisition of wealth, power, and pleasure consumes our every moment, true joy and peace and rest come not into our lives. We must pause at times to see the heavenly glory of God's Presence in us and about us; we must pause to hear God's Voice. Many pause only at Sunday Mass to taste this joy; others pause daily to commune with God; some live constantly with Him. The affairs of life do not prevent this constant communion; for they do not give themselves totally to them. They work indeed, but ever with the thought of God. Who will be wise and learn this sweet communion? Who will learn to know heaven by foretaste ere they enter into it?

Our Troubles

Oh the chorus of complaint that rises up from the children of men! On all sides one hears that constant tale of suffering, labor, worry. Each one thinks that his burden is heaviest and seeks always to have it lightened. Peace is far from him and hopelessness darkens his future. He considers not that labor and suffering are from the hand of God; that this has always been the lot of man and always will be. He remembers not that God chastises those whom He loves; that the saints were saints because they suffered; that suffering is our training for eternal heaven; and that peace is possible amid our trials,—peace in the consciousness that we are God's special favorites when we suffer, that He is thus grooming us for fellowship among His elect, for 'tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope, and hope confoundeth not.'

Holy Grail Sonnets*

Dom. Hugh Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

1. Tintagel

With sullen roar the western waves resound
About the island-castle, Tintagel;
Beauteous in name, more beauteous in spell
Of curving coast and cliff and hallowed mound.

With battle-axe the Saxon strangers hound
The Britons ever west, from tor to dell;
London and Sarum stoutly fought—and fell!
For Cornwall, Wales, what saviour shall be found?

From Tintagel a doughty one must rise,
For in its chapel rests a priceless prize,
A chalice guarded by the angel band.

They will endue King Arthur with such might,
That he will break the foe in mortal fight,
And, dying, free his soul and free his land.

* King Arthur (a British chieftain) was probably born about 400 A. D. at Tintagel Castle on the north coast of Cornwall. He grew powerful in Wales also and mostly held residence in Caerleon (Monmouth). His relations with the Holy Grail have been sung by poets for centuries.

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter XVIII

SIMKINS sat leaning against a tree, whittling. He was near the edge of the woods where, a few days before, he had saved Philip and Danny from Johnson's gun. From his post, he could watch the road, although screened from view himself. There was nothing extraordinary in Simkins' whittling at eight o'clock in the morning, nor in his being alone in the woods at this hour of the day. Simkins might be found anywhere at any hour of the day or night without surprise to those who knew him. Nevertheless, this bright June morning, there was something extraordinary. For one thing, there was his hat. He was crowned, not with his broad-leafed, battered, weather-beaten felt; nor with his sagging, frayed, familiar "jimmie," but with a new straw "sailor" of last year's pattern, encircled with a band of beautiful pink. For Simkins to have a new hat, and especially a hat of such pattern and style, was extraordinary; and, set above his sun-tanned visage, above his straggling locks and unkempt beard and finlike mustaches, it gave a quite extraordinary appearance to the whole man.

Now, this extraordinary headgear was only a sign of an extraordinary purpose. For Simkins had made up his mind to go to church. If Simkins had ever before attended a religious service, he did not recall it. There were at least half a dozen churches in Dunsboro; but none of them, if we judge solely by any overt act of theirs, was consumed with the desire of having Simkins sitting regularly in the front pew. No Baptist, nor Methodist, nor Presbyterian, nor "Campbellite," nor Episcopalian, nor Catholic had ever given him an irresistible invitation to join.

True, Simkins did not receive many invitations of any kind from "nice" people; and, of course, the church people were the "nicest" people in Dunsboro. Father Roche, of the Catholic Church, spoke to him in public, even calling him "Tom," and twitting him about his fishing and other activities. Then, everybody, even "niggers," went to the Catholic Church; and at funerals and weddings members of every denomination in town might be found represented, in no matter which of the churches the ceremony took place. This morning this would be found true in the Catholic Church. But Simkins had made up his mind to go to church this morning, whether welcome or not. Why?—For

one thing, he had begun greatly to admire and to like Philip Armstrong. For another, he had become the worshipful slave of Miss Willie Pat. Then, who more than he was intimately, vitally, interested in the cave still, and in the tragedy which began at the still and would end at the funeral? There was something awakening in Simkins' conscience, something stirring in his heart. There was pity, and awe, and remorse, and fear. During the night he had roamed about the lawn, uneasy, strangely moved by the soft weeping that now and then reached his ears from within. With the first glimmer of dawn he had shrunk away. He avoided being seen. And so he came to this spot in the woods to await the passing of the funeral, intending to follow afoot and to steal into the church afterward unnoticed.

Even now, the low, muffled rumbling of hoof and wheel reached his ears. In a kind of awe, he peers out to catch, at the turn of the road, the first glint of the sunbeams on burnished harness and polished carriage-front. As the procession approaches, he withdraws further from view. Now, it is beneath him on the road. He sees the pale, stern face, of the father, the pitifully bowed form of the sister, the sorrowful countenances of friends as carriage after carriage passes. Now the last is above him on the road; and now his incongruous figure is following afoot, behind. Now he is seated well in the rear of the church, partly hidden by the massive base of a pillar. No other countenance in the church wears the intently absorbed look now upon the catfish face of Simkins. The black altar dressing and vestments, the saffron wax candles, the vested acolytes hold him spellbound, while the sad requiem, floating as it were upon the solemn tones of the organs, moved him as he was never moved before. And now Simkins for the first time recognises Father Roche, for the pastor has come to the altar rail to speak. Simkins strains forward to hear.

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" questioned the priest.

From that opening question to the end of the sermon, Simkins misses not one word. He is strangely, deeply stirred. Even after the mournful assembly has followed the bier down the aisle and out to the waiting carriages, Simkins remains. Then the loneliness of the deserted edifice begins to weigh upon him, and, as soon as the funeral cortège is in movement

down the street, looks about him hesitatingly, and then shambles watchfully around towards the parish house. Father Roche from his window sees him approaching and quickly makes his appearance on the front porch.

"Good morning, Tom," greets the pastor; "come up and have a seat. Have you been in church?"

"Yes, sir, I been in there."

"It is a very sad affair, Tom; very sad."

Simkins was silent, only keeping turning awkwardly in his hands his new hat.

"The poor Armstrongs are certainly eating their bread of sorrow," went on the priest. "Do you think it was right for those officers to shoot Philip?"

"I know it wasn't right; that's what I came to tell you. Mr. Phil wasn't running no still in that cave. He didn't know nothin' about no still bein' there. I'm pos'tive of that because I know who owned the still and who run it."

Father Roche remained silent for a few moments, giving Simkins encouragement to speak on, but, as Simkins likewise remained hushed, the priest said:

"What you tell will make valuable evidence, and may save the Armstrongs' property from confiscation. You know there is talk of that. You will be willing to testify, will you not, Tom?"

"I don't know whether I will or not, Father Roche. You see, I'm just tellin' you. I'd git myself in a heap of trouble if I told the court all I know. Bill Johnson owned that still, and I run it for him."

"Bill Johnson," ejaculated the priest.

"Yes, sir," replied Simkins firmly; "Bill Johnson's the man."

"Why do you tell me this, Tom? Why tell me in confidence?"

"I don't know jest ezzactly why I'm tellin' you. I took the notion in church. I wanted to tell somebody. I'm sorry as hell for Mr. Phil. And that damned Johnson,—excuse me for cussin',—I wish I could git loose from him. I was listenin' to what you said when you was preachin' about saving your soul, too. I ain't doin' no good the way I'm goin'. I ain't never been no good."

"Don't say that, Tom; you have done good in your life, and you will do more and more good from now on. You have great oppor-

tunity right now. Make the truth known about the moonshining on the Armstrong place."

"That's what I ought to do," admitted Simkins; "but, you see, they'd put me behind the bars, and I don't want nothin' like that."

"No, Tom, you are not to blame for not wishing to be sent to prison. But I'll tell you this, Tom, *and I know*: you had better go to prison with a clear conscience than live the rest of your life with a guilty one. Think it over seriously, Tom. And pray. Ask God to give you the light to know what is your duty and the courage to do it as you know it."

"Me pray!" exclaimed Simkins. "I don't even know no prayers. Besides that, I'm so crooked I might even lie when tellin' the Lord I want to be good. I'll tell *you*, Father Roche. *You* do the prayin'; you're a preacher. And I'll see about it. But I don't want to go to the pen. That's too much fer me."

"Think it over, Tom; it is better to do the right thing. Besides, the Court may be very lenient with you if you turn state's evidence; and I assure you you will make some influential and good friends by telling the truth. Think it over. And *pray*."

Simkins turned away without replying, but there was a furrow on his brow, and he was mumbling something to himself.

Now, Danny Lacey had not attended Philip Armstrong's funeral. This was not because of pique nor of resentment toward Miss Willie Pat nor because of affront from Willie Pat's father. These unhappy cir-

cumstances made him yearn only the more to pay the last royal tribute of devotion to his friend. Danny did not go to the church nor to the cemetery because his appearance would have created distraction,—even excitement,—at either place. For Danny, it must be told, looked fitter for a war hospital than for a position in funeral obsequies. His head was swathed in bandages, his eye was swollen and discolored, one hand was in a sling and, as he walked, he limped painfully. How Danny came into such plight may be briefly told.

When Bill Johnson drove in anger from the Armstrongs' into town, he was in a sorry state of humiliation. Willie Pat's repudiation of him and her defense of Danny aroused in him all the demons of jealousy. Diabolical profanities

All is Gained

ELIZABETH VOSS

No earthly passing fame I ask—
To know Thy will, and love but Thee.
Enough for me to do my task,
And serve my neighbor cheerfully.

The beauty that around me lies,
Or which within me whispers low,
Affords a taste of Paradise,
Revealing joys but few can know.

Thy love, O God, of priceless worth,
Is fire consuming all the dross.
If man but values this on earth,
All things are gained, whate'er his loss.

and revolting obscenities followed one another in endless mutterings that, for hours gave him the aspect and demeanor of a madman. Nine o'clock found him sitting alone, in stark silence and watchful brooding near the hotel. The dense foliage of a group of trees threw about him a gloom into which no rays from the nearby arc light could penetrate. Nine o'clock found Danny Lacey walking into town, following the Colonel's invitation to spend the night in his home. When Danny came to the hotel, he stepped indoors for a drink of water. As he raised the glass to his lips, he heard, through the open window, a passing footstep and a man's voice,—which he thought he had heard before,—inquiring:

"Bill, are you going to the funeral tomorrow?"

Instantly Danny was all attention.

"No," he heard in curt reply, and he recognized the voice of Johnson. He lowered his glass in astonishment.

"Why," spoke the first voice, "I thought you would be there for sure. Don't you love Willie Pat any more?" This teasingly. "Talk's been you're goin' to marry her."

Danny's heart sank like lead. It was as if someone had dealt him an unexpected blow. He heard Johnson laugh sneeringly as he replied:

"Oh, sure I love her all right. Who wouldn't? But I'm not going to marry her. Who would? Except that d—d fool stranger she's been vamping for about a week? I'll love her just the same. Who wouldn't? I'll love her, you see. But he can marry her."

"I don't quite see what you mean," began the other; but he ceased speaking at the unexpected appearance of Danny, who came out of the doorway, teeth set, jaws clenched, eyes burning, hands trembling, countenance deathly pale. He watched Danny advance toward Johnson until he stood beside his chair.

"You low-lived whelp. You contemptible, cowardly liar," he heard him say to Johnson in low, deliberate tones, although the voice trembled with passion. And then he heard the smack of Danny's hand on Johnson's cheek. Johnson's cry, as he sprang up, was unlike anything but that of a maniac or of a furious or desperately injured beast. With a forward lunge of his burly form, he drove his first blow right into Danny's throat. Danny went down in a red world, pain and fire in his throat, suffocation in his lungs and blindness in his eyes. He felt Johnson leap upon him,—felt it almost with detachment and unconcern, for he was in an agony of suffocation. No breath would come, and he knew that thus he could not last long. With both hands Johnson now seized him by the hair of the head and pounded his skull against the ground. The first blow sent a flash

of red across his brain, but, by the fourth or fifth, the motion forced a gasp of air into his lungs. With returning breath, his brain cleared. He strove, but failed, to reach Johnson's throat with his hands. But, sitting as Johnson was upon his chest, Danny's legs and feet were unhampered, and, doubling these up quickly with a swinging motion, he caught his ankles under Johnson's chin, and threw him backward until he himself was free. Dizzily he arose, leaning with one hand against a tree as he watched Johnson getting upon his feet and advancing for a second attack.

Although regaining strength with every breath, Danny was pitifully weak before Johnson's onrush. He placed his back against the tree, with the hope of fending off with his arms Johnson's worst blows, and so saving himself for a time from being knocked down and rendered helpless again. Johnson was soon upon him with a furious rush and a blow from the shoulder straight for Danny's face. Almost too weak to raise his arms, Danny threw his head to one side, only to have Johnson's big fist tear his ear so that blood flowed freely down his neck. But a groan of pain from Johnson, and the sight of his powerful opponent staggering away from him told him as plainly as words that Johnson had smashed his hand against the tree trunk. Danny waited, now breathing freely, but Johnson was slow to return to the attack.

"You unspeakable brute! You lying coward! You'll eat your words before we are through," muttered Danny as he stepped forward from the tree, now clear of mind and steadier of foot. With cautious coolness, he met Johnson's sobered attack; and, sparring himself by head-work and footwork, he gradually wore his burly opponent down.

"Get down on your knees and apologize," he directed Johnson.

For answer, Johnson swore, and rushed at him, this time to meet Danny's fist with his mouth and to receive another jarring blow beneath the ear.

"Get down on your knees and apologize," repeated Danny.

"I'll kill you, you—"

Johnson did not finish the sentence, Danny's fist mashed his bleeding lips again and his snarling teeth, loosed and broken, in his mouth. Without giving him time to recover, the lighter contestant struck hard upon the chin. Johnson trembled all over, and sank slowly to his knees."

"Now apologize."

"I'll kill you," repeated Johnson.

Danny waited until Johnson had struggled slowly back to his feet.

"Raise your hands and defend yourself," commanded Danny.

But Johnson neither answered or obeyed. Surprised, Danny leaned forward to look at him more closely, and he did so just in the nick of time; for Johnson, in the half shadow, was drawing his pistol from his hip pocket. Like a flash, Danny's fist shot forward,—again,—and again. Johnson's knees sagged, his pistol dropped from his nerveless hand, and he clutched a tree for support. Danny picked up the gun and tossed it away.

"Will you apologize now?" he demanded.

Several seconds passed. Then Johnson muttered:

"I apologize."

"On your knees."

"You've beaten me; isn't that enough?"

"For me it is enough. But you get on your knees for *another*. Get down!"

Johnson knelt. "I apologize," he said.

Danny turned his back and walked off, feeling suddenly tired out. As he rounded the corner, he was quietly joined by the single observer of the struggle.

"Will you let me shake your hand?" this person asked.

Danny recognized his friend, the jailer, and extended his hand with a weary smile. And this is how Danny became unpresentable for the funeral.

When, however, the funeral was over, Danny made his way without delay out to the cemetery, and sat down for an hour beside the newly-made, flower-covered grave. When he arose to go, with spirit quiet and subdued, he looked long at the silent mound and murmured:

"Good-by, Phil. May God be good to you. Ask Him also to be good to me."

Then, with bowed head and pensive mind, he left the cemetery. It was almost noon when he walked into Dunsboro and proceeded without delay to the home of Colonel Mitre. Both the Colonel and his daughter were at home. They had thought it best to leave the Armstrongs to each other in the sacred hour of grief and affection following the funeral, although they intended going out to the bereaved home later in the evening. Katherine, for all her grief, gave Danny such a smile of welcome that he was reminded of his battered appearance, and thought she was smiling in amusement at him in spite of herself. In this, Danny was mistaken. His rakish appearance did win Katherine's smile, but it was an admiring, warm and friendly smile; for Katherine knew already how Danny had come by his warriorlike condition, the friendly jailer having confided the entire story of the fight to the Colonel not an hour before. Katherine made no comment, however, as her father hurried Danny eagerly into the library.

"Do you know," he asked Danny, "that your trial is set for two o'clock?"

"No; is it? Well, that suits me."

"But don't you think," very seriously, "we had better have it deferred?"

"No, Colonel; I'd rather have it over."

"But we could establish our proofs better if we took more time! Father Roche phoned just a few minutes ago, and recommended postponement of the trial, at least for a few days. I don't know whether he has any information, but apparently he thinks he has good grounds for urging us to wait."

"I certainly appreciate Father Roche's interest in me," acknowledged Danny cordially, "but by all means let us get it over. I'll be ready in court at two o'clock. Will you be there with me, Colonel?"

Danny asked this rather wistfully.

"I'll be there with you, son," the Colonel assured him kindly. And so, nothing whatever interfering, Danny's trial was begun at the hour set—two o'clock that same afternoon.

(To be concluded)

After Holy Communion beware of much talk; remain in secret and enjoy thy God, for thou hast Him Whom all the world cannot take from thee.—Imitation.

"Jesus Wept"

KATE AYERS ROBERT

What does a tear cost?
Ask your own heart
When from a loved one
You're destined to part.

What is a tear worth?
Are tears ever lent?
Are they not solace
When heartstrings are rent?

What does a moan say,
When pain reaches deep,
Just racks the whole body
And kills even sleep?

Why do we moan then,
If not to relieve
These pain-driven temples,
And help to receive?

What does a sigh mean,
When forth from the soul
It goes to its Maker?
Begs strength still to hold

To faith and to love
In its uttermost depth,
Made calm by believing
That e'en "Jesus wept."

From Hospital to Sanatorium

S. M. R., O. S. B.

LONDON TO SURREY*

ON February 11th at 10:30 A. M. I left the Hospital of SS. John and Elizabeth, London. The kindness and loving attention I had received there continued to the end of my stay and it was not without a pang of regret that I said good-bye on that chill morning. Nurse Lush, who had seen me through my operation and nursed me after it, and Matron put me into the ambulance. I hope that I shall meet Matron in heaven. She had chosen for my travelling companion Nurse Cowell whom I had never seen until that morning.

Our way lay through the best parts of London and as we passed Hyde Park and precincts we saw what had been stately residential mansions and Palace Hotels placarded: TO BE SOLD. It was sad to see these beautiful houses empty and silent and I realized then, as never before, how badly England had been hit—in her pockets—by the War. The last thing I remember seeing in that quarter was a hoarding (billboard) with, THIS FREEHOLD PROPERTY TO BE SOLD, in large capitals. Further on, MINISTRY OF LABOUR, on a sign-board over a wooden hut, seemed like a protest against ministerial luxury and extravagance.

The Ambulance had no difficulty with motor cars, at that hour there may not have been so many out or the word AMBULANCE painted on the glass to front and rear may have given us right of way. As I was lying flat I could not be seen, but Nurse sat opposite me in her dark blue uniform and our driver was a young ex-soldier in khaki.

The tram lines in the streets made the driving very uneven, but once outside the city it was hoped the jolting would cease; it was quite the reverse, a steady rainfall had ploughed the roads into a succession of ruts. Mr. Ware, the surgeon, had advised that if the jolting was great, that the driver be asked to stop for a while now and then. Isleworth, Aldershot, and other places, with names unfamiliar to me at least, were passed and our ex-soldier proposed to stop at Ripley.

A motorists' hotel stood there, just where two roads nicely wooded branched off from the London road; the air of peaceful prosperity here

* The author of "The Nuns of St. Mary's," which met with favor when it appeared serially in *THE GRAIL* some months ago, recently underwent a very serious operation in London. The present sketch tells of her gradual restoration to health.—Editor.

struck me as typically English. Another motor was drawn up before the hotel and its owners sauntering round seemed not a little curious about the Ambulance occupants. Nurse ran across and found it was "quite a good hotel" and in two or three minutes reappeared with a laden tea tray. From our luncheon basket we took out a cold chicken, that chicken must have been a lusty prizefighter in its day—not a morsel of breast would it part with. Nurse, trained at Bart's, had been through some thrilling times and to be worsted by a mere chicken at the roadside was—Ugh!! I told her she was cutting at the wrong end for the breast, but she said it was a trussed chicken; apparently, in a trussed fowl legs and wings are reversed. Anyway, we had a good laugh and when I had poured out the tea a piece of chicken was tossed on to my plate. "Bravo, Nurse!" Meanwhile the driver was, eating his lunch of bread and cheese, and declined our offer of preserved tongue, because since the War and his operations in hospital, he was obliged to keep to a diet. Of the towns we passed through I remember Godalming best and I wondered from its name if it was there in the time of the Saxons. We had nearly reached the end of that town when Nurse seeing I was cold told the driver to stop at the next restaurant or place where we could get hot water. Soon he pointed out a tea house off the main road where we were; I could see Nurse gaily tripping up this road hugging the two hot(?) water bags in sight of all passers-by. She found a place usually opened only in summer for motorists, but the proprietor, an extremely nice person, was most concerned when she heard her request and ordered the maid to boil a second kettle while she filled one bag; could she do nothing more for us, she inquired, and finally she sent greetings and hopes that I would soon be quite better. This courtesy from one who was a perfect stranger, seemed to me one of those nothings which brings home the fact that we are in a thoroughly Christian land.

At last we come to Haslemere.... Oh! dear, OH DEAR! a sanatorium?? My forecast: I would be confronted with stretchers and couches on which I should see wasted consumptives in the last stages of their illness. When the Ambulance turned into the drive, we met fresh healthily-looking girls in parties of twos and threes returning from their walk; visitors, I thought, but as I learned afterwards these were the patients. As we got nearer the Sanatorium

I felt more chilled, despondent, homesick, than ever I was. The winter cabbages trying to grow, the shriveled up branches, the wild shrubberries, the quaint, quiet nooks where one could be alone with their thoughts, every detail of that three-quarter mile avenue was impressing itself unbidden on my mind's eye.

"Phew-ew-ew-wwwww," went the electric bell at the front door. Sister Superior and another sister came out in some consternation: by some oversight no letter fixing the date of my arrival had reached them. "I had a deep feeling of no enthusiasm" one way or the other, I felt that for one brief moment in my life I was in a state of most perfect detachment. However, a bed was soon got ready and I was carried upstairs on a stretcher by Nurse and the driver. The room I found myself in was large, lightsome and beautifully furnished. (There might be some hope in life, after all.) When I had been put to bed, near a wealth of open windows, nurse was taken to a sumptuous tea downstairs after which she ran up to say good-bye to me—thus I saw the last of this friend of a day, one of the nicest girls I ever met.

FLUFFY

Fluffy is a perfect dream in the cat way: a large brown Maltese, with fur you can see through when brushed up. It may be the air of beautiful Haslemere combined with the attentions of Sister-in-the-kitchen that make Miss Fluffy *plus-que-parfait*.

Many suitors she has for her paw, every cat in the countryside seems to want to have a look in. Generally speaking, they bid their time in a sheltered though sunny nook called The Dell, where the nuns are making an arbour with rambler roses trained from pole to pole.

One suitor, he's a large black fellow with white and black waistcoat seems determined to have her; he's about in the early morning in the long brown grass near the Woodland Path and again at late evening he crosses the path of the pheasants to catch a glimpse, if may be—but when Tom arrives at the Dell before midday the birds are all of a twitter, some grating in their throats, others flying low to allure Black and White from their nests, but he's not out birdnesting—if they would only know.

He spent a solid hour there one morning, myself sitting by the Woodland Path near by. Then I took my camp stool and proceeded in for early dinner, and whom should I meet half way to the house sauntering down the path but Fluffy! At first, on seeing me thus unexpectedly, she is startled, then she raises herself on two hind paws, as usual, to be petted. I go on and she continues on her way to the Dell with such a casual air of indifference that I

have to laugh outright; at this she looks back over her shoulder: "Yes, Fluff, he's down there waiting for you."

The next two hours go between dinner and rest hour at the Sanatorium for me. It was nearing tea time when I happened to pass through the yard on my way to Teddy's kennel—such a dear Irish terrier. In passing, I glanced through the kitchen windows, a tin kettle shining like silver was humming a tune on the stove and Miss Puss was stretched at full length on the floor—calmly awaiting Sister's return from the chapel. However, I, Paul Pry, could not find it in my heart to "split on her," as the cockney maid at the Guesthouse would have expressed it.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

HOLY CROSS SANATORIUM, SURREY

The Haslemere people say of it, "When it's all lit up at night it looks like a great ship, the verandahs, the decks"—and I suppose it is, in a sense, a ship, saving bodies and oftentimes souls from the wreckage of humanity.

On entering the gates from the road, on the left is seen the quaint old lodge with its diamond window panes—the oldest house in Haslemere, they say. It belongs to the period of Dickens, the style of house he describes in "David Copperfield," if I remember. A few paces back from the drive is the mortuary, on the other side, neither is that new and it was used for other purposes in the time of Miss Nelson (as the old gardener, Mr. Court, informs us), Miss Nelson being the former owner of Shottermill Hall, as the present Guesthouse is called. Great stately pines stand erect like sentinels along the drive, and where there is open space a wealth of flowering shrub greets you: white and yellow broom, prickly gorse with its yellow-brown blossom, and clumps of heather claiming for its own places where nothing else can grow in the soil. A wide curve and the Guesthouse comes into view, steer past it and the Sanatorium is reached.

It looks to the south and *this ship's decks* are railed in with naval precision thus XXXXXXX, and surely white painted wood is in evidence everywhere. But it's the ship's Captain that matters: one day I was coming in from a survey of the workman's output on the grounds with Sister Superior—for she never talks or walks in vain—when a gentleman coming along the gravel raised his hat, "Sister Superior about?" "I am here." It was typical: Sister Superior was always all there, never knocked over by mischance or upset by contrary circumstances—and there were many cropping up in that big sanatorium, but at any hour of

the day or night when in demand she could say, "Yes, I am here."

Going round the wards one sees opposite every second bed a folding door opening on to the verandah and through these the bed cases are wheeled out to lie in the open air all day, and some all night even in the coldest weather and I never heard any of them say they felt it in the least. "Aren't you perished out here?"—this in the March gales; "Oh, no, we like it, last night the screens blew down but nurse came along when she heard us laughing and picked them all up again."

As often as not the patients come from London offices or city banks or from teaching in crowded primary schools. Pale and weak, they are hardly able to carry their little attaché or suit cases up the drive and sink into the first chair in the hall, exhausted and panting for breath. After a few months, a twelvemonth for some, of the bracing air and sensible treatment, these same girls leave to face life's tasks anew and shouting lusty good-byes to their companion-patients "like soldiers home from the front they go away," as someone said.

The morning walk is quite an institution at the sanatorium: everyone who can is expected to take this constitutional after lunch (and be it said in passing, these tuberculars have mighty appetites) and, "as rest is so necessary before dining," the rules say, they have to be back on their beds an hour before dinner. Seat-

ed on the balcony outside my little private room—my ship's cabin, I called it—one morning I watched these patients returning in twos and threes from their walk: a bed or two was out on the verandah before the lower ward: "What! in bed on a day like this! Why don't you shake a loose leg? Don't know how? See, it's done this way." And they proceeded to give comic gymnastic displays. Nor did Sister-in-charge disapprove of the good-natured bravado of these hardy ones: "It does good to the down-hearted," and "We prefer to have good cases here, there are places and plenty where the dying are nursed; but we want tuberculars who will, with the beautiful mountain air here and the carefully planned regime, recover: Haslemere is the place to get well at. And this breezy outlook reacts even on the worst cases in some subtle way bringing down the temperatures that are "up" and bringing up the temperatures that are down. A very pleasing feature was that when a patient is somewhat better and able to be up and about, she hastens to do little services for those less well—and to help the Sisters too—if they will let her. And I must say, the school teachers who were there as patients showed up very well. Their calling had evidently not made them self-centred women, they were reliant, sympathetic, capable; any I met had no narrowness of outlook and if there was anything they did *not* want it was to talk "shop."

Helpful Ladies

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

LEE Joyce had been going her own cheery way about the parish work at St. Catherine's, troubling no one with her imaginary worries. Each week she typed her report and left it at the rectory. Generally she handed it to Margaret, the housekeeper. In it Father Martin found the doings of the week, tersely told, and made the follow-up calls necessary. Three months of this thoroughness, and Father was well pleased, allowed himself to indulge in the thought that Lee was born for her work.

If Lee thought herself a good parish worker she was due for a jolt. She had the bad taste to look right at, and through, Mrs. Spencer Catlin, who was the Big It of the parish. Not to blame Lee too severely, let it be recorded that Mrs. Catlin did not appear to know Lee was in existence until she took up the parish work. Then, as was necessary, Mrs. Catlin stopped her and asked all about the O'Rell family, who should have told Lee their troubles, and all Lee did for answer was to look impersonally

at the Big It, and, before the questions were finished, walk on. Mrs. Catlin stepped after her and pulled her sleeve, and just told her not to act so smart; and she would give her (Lee) to understand such conduct would not be tolerated! And Lee walked away the second time. Well, of course, such conduct on the part of an ex-teacher, who was now earning her money from the parish, would not be tolerated. No sir! She would speak to Father Martin.

While Mrs. Catlin was nursing her wrath, magnifying Lee's base actions and looks, and framing a proper speech with which to impress Father, Mrs. Maggie Kennedy decided to call on Lee, and help her out. Maggie was that way, helpful. Her husband was a lawyer and Maggie knew everything. She had known Lee Joyce before the days of her parish work, and never condescended to speak to her, but wouldn't Lee be overjoyed to have a call from one of society's own? To make a long story short, Lee was not one bit delighted. In fact

her manner seemed to resent such a call, and plump and plain she told Maggie the parish work was too sacred to be discussed! Maggie did not despair. All she wanted to know was how the Rowe's were getting along? And was he a good provider? Lee said that as a priest and a doctor did not discuss their work, so it was with welfare work. Whereat Maggie got a genuine mad on, and departed. Homeward bound, she stopped at Clara Catlin's to tell her about Lee.

They had a common thorn in their sides—Lee Joyce, who was an impudent upstart. Together they went to see Father about her. Their hearts were good, filled with mercy, for they had both learned Lee was not fitted for the work, and in affairs of the parish they were heartily interested, so much so that they would stop at nothing to adjust matters.

Mrs. Winsor Ripple and Miss Quinn were ahead of them, in Father's sitting room, waiting. One topic led to another and it transpired they were on the same errand—Lee Joyce.

Father came in smiling, and even after Maggie Kennedy's onslaught he never so much as flicked an eyelash. When Maggie left off for lack of breath to carry on further, Clara began. Then Father did try to look shocked. Mrs. Ripple spoke next, and Father tried to look more shocked. Miss Quinn, who was the wealthiest woman in the parish, and very deliberate, said: "Miss Joyce is uncouth. She has no tact. She does not understand psychological approach. She has no patience. She has little or no poise. She is not a leader. The other day the Y had a meeting. She should have attended. Instead she was caught playing tag at the afternoon recess on the Lincoln School grounds with the Second Grade children." Here Father tried to faint at the enormity of the offense! Unpardonable! Playing tag! "She positively refused to tell me if the Widow Mann's son was still peddling moonshine. When I asked her if Rose Kane was doing better she bored me through with those bad eyes of hers and said she did believe it would rain. The insolence of her is incredible. I asked her, just because I am so vitally interested in you and your work, if Birdella Stevens had given up jazzing around to dances, and was she staying at home caring for Tom and the children? What do you think the cat said to me, Father? To me! She said if I really desired this information I should call on Birdella! You must get rid of her, Father. She is not refined. We sent the delegate of the Equal Strife League down to her house the other night, thinking Lee would be pleased to act as hostess, and learn from this woman. But no! She was doing the weekly washing at

night! And she sent the delegate to the hotel and CHARGED IT TO OUR CIRCLE! It is too much, Father."

"It was too much," said Father, and she thought he was agreeing with her. "Too much, to send a strange woman to any house without a warning, but specially to a house where the mother is ill and the daughter, for the love of God, works for the Church at a salary that is one half what it should be. If she is abrupt, I have not noticed it. As to her manner of approach, she has God-given power to meet and mingle with suffering; uncanny introspection; good training; sound common sense; loyalty to her work and her people. Last month she took only sixty dollars salary and left the remainder for coal for two families where the father was ill. She would not tell you this, nor would she wish me to tell it. She now has a position that appears to make her the person you ladies should cultivate. Until she took this work did any of you seek her out? Or did some of you ask me how she lived, from whence came the money to run her house and pay for a car?" He looked at Miss Quinn, who had all her wealth in bonds of the securest sort. "She was sending work to a Chicago paper for the past three years, and doing well, as her manner of living testified. It was Margaret Comin's prayers that brought her into this work, in your parish. Without doubt she is the best case worker on record. Her reports are masterpieces. She is a contributor to the *Survey*, N. C. W. C., *The Journal of Social Forces*, and several other monthlies. As to her playing tag at the Lincoln School, she, through Miss Ryan, one of the teachers, is getting acquainted with Catholic children in public schools. If— —"

The telephone jangled. He went to answer it. When he returned, the shabby sitting room was empty. Wearily Father dropped into a chair. It's just the way of the ladies," he mused. "Helpful. Trying to alleviate suffering. They like to say they do welfare work; the welfare of the community is very dear to them— —"

Margaret came in, very quietly, shaking her finger. This did not alarm Father. He knew Margaret. She whispered: "It's that insane woman again. She is in the kitchen. Will I say you are in the bath tub?"

Father went into the kitchen, where Mrs. Ponsonby Thugge sat in her splendor. She began: "Father! It's the janitor! He is not in the hall! He is always away! Never tends to his business! I must get into the hall! Father, give me your keys! Will you get a new janitor? One who will stay in the hall once and awhile?"

(Continued on page 457)

The Bond of Peace

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

NO! never! just wait!" These and similar expressions uttered in a heated tone fell upon the ears of Father Gilbert as he walked leisurely towards the church. Following the direction whence these threats came, he was met by: "The traitor! he was bought! we will make him feel it some day!"

"What in the world does all this mean, boys?" inquired the priest.

"Father, we are not going to have a thing to do any more with Fred Lickens. We will take our grudge out on him the very first chance we get. Why here we played Garfield High and chose him for referee. He was always calling fouls on us so that they got two baskets to our one."

"Louis, do you intend to go to Holy Communion tomorrow morning as usual?"

"Yes, Father," was the reply.

"Will you kneel beside Fred with those sentiments in your heart?"

"Why, Father, I just want him to get what he deserves and no more. And I won't kneel beside him either."

"Do you know what our Lord says about those who are at variance?"

"I think He said something about leaving the altar."

"Yes, He said: 'If thou offer a gift at the altar and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave thy offering there before the altar and go to be reconciled to thy brother and coming back thou shalt offer thy gift.'"

"Well, I suppose I better not go to Communion then."

"No, that is not the proper thing to do. Follow our Lord's commandments; be reconciled with Fred or at least banish all wilful rancor from your heart and Communion will help you do the rest. Do you know that Holy Communion is the best hate-killer we have?"

"How so, Father?"

"Everything about Holy Eucharist breathes brotherly love. Immediately after the institution of the Blessed Sacrament Christ spoke those memorable words: 'This is My com-

mandment that you love one another as I have loved you.' Why, Communion means a union and union points to concord and peace. We have here a union based on supernatural love, one that is an effect of the real sacramental union with Christ. It is true we have become members of the mystical body of Christ by baptism but Communion strengthens and tightens the bond because it sanctifies and glorifies mutual love. By the very fact that each one receives in Holy Eucharist the same living Christ he joins himself to Him as a member to the head and to the whole body as the branches are united with the vine. But if we are one with Christ, we are made also one amongst ourselves and become the brothers of those who in Holy Communion are incorporated with the same Christ. For there is an axiom that when two things are united to a third they are united also to each other. Thus, the right hand, which is part of the body, is in union with the left hand which belongs to the same body. As the branches are attached to the vine from which they all obtain their sap so also through Holy Communion the same blood of Jesus Christ is transfused into all of us. But persons in whose arteries flows the blood of the same parents belong to the same family. Hence on account of the same divine blood the communicants form one supernatural family of God upon earth. In this sense St. Hil-

ary writes that 'the Holy Eucharist unites us to one Church; this Church is Christ's who supports her with all her members and that through the sacrament of His body.' St. Augustine calls this Holy Sacrament briefly and expressly the sign of unity, the bond of love, the symbol of concord. Rightly so, for according to the testimony of St. John, the love of God is inseparable from the love of our neighbor. Therefore, we should not receive this Sacrament with a heart full of rancor. Otherwise with our neighbor we shall thrust from us also our Savior."

"Father, maybe I better not go to Holy Communion when Fred goes, for I might get angry again."



PEACE BE TO THEE

"Of course you are free to communicate at any time when Communion is distributed, but would it not be more perfect and more pleasing to God to let the exterior circumstances of your Communion serve as a symbol of the concord that exists between you two. See how Holy Mother Church ignores all differences even of rank at the Communion railing. It is only the clergy that she draws away from the Communion railing into the sanctuary itself. All the others, be they millionaires or paupers, sages or unlettered men, meet at the common table. Now, when a meal is served in common are the partakers not generally the members of the same family, or of the circle of intimate friends and relatives? So you too, if you receive at the same time with Fred, may be prompted to regard him as a member of your family, as belonging to the circle of your closest friends. Answer me this question, Louis: of what is the Sacred Host made?"

"Of the flour of wheat."

"And the wine?"

"Of the juice of the grapes."

"Yes, but according to the Holy Fathers this circumstance is not without a meaning. The host is baked of many particles of flour ground out of many grains of wheat, and the wine is made up of many drops that adhere together to form the quantity in the chalice. So also we who receive Holy Eucharist under the appearances of bread and wine should be one body and one soul. Therefore St. Augustine says: 'At His famous banquet Christ the Lord gave us the Eucharist as the mystical symbol of peace and concord. Whosoever receives this mystery of unity and refuses to maintain peace is not benefited by the reception but rather indited by it.'"

Ray Berner, who had been listening all the while, interposed: "Father, pardon me, but during our last Forty Hours the three priests at the altar seemed to kiss each other shortly before Communion. Was that the meaning of that ceremony too?"

"Yes, the nearer we get to the Communion of the Mass the more insistent the prayers for peace become. In the *Pater Noster* (Our Father) the priest begs; 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' After the breaking of the sacred Host he pronounces thrice the *Agnus Dei*, the last one of which closes with the words: *Dona nobis pacem* (give us peace). Then comes a lengthy oration for peace. At its conclusion the celebrant, that is, when the Mass is solemn, gives to the deacon the so-called 'Pax' or kiss of peace saying at the same time: 'Peace be to thee.' The deacon then offers it to the subdeacon, who in turn passes it to the other members of the

clergy, the representatives of the people. This kiss of peace is the symbol of love. Even the ceremony which precedes the 'Pax' is expressive of this meaning. The priest and the deacon both kiss the altar in order to show that true harmony is accomplished through Christ who is present on the altar under the appearances of bread and wine. St. Cyril of Alexandria says of the 'Pax': 'The kiss of peace reconciles and unites souls to one another and serves as a pledge that all injuries are forgotten; it is a sign that estranged hearts are once more brought back to harmony and are made to banish all memory of past wrongs.' So also St. John Chrysostom: 'Let us be mindful of our mutual embrace (the kiss of peace). It requires a holy seriousness and a great reverence, for it throws a bond around our souls and forms us into one body and makes of us members of Christ who are partakers of one body.' We know what the heathens said of the first Christians: 'See how they love one another.' This striking brotherly love was due to the fact that they were penetrated through and through with Christ's commandment and were able to make a living reality of it because of their frequent recourse to Holy Communion. You have all heard of St. Bernard, haven't you?"

"Certainly, Father, He is my patron saint," answered Bernard Rill.

"Possibly you have heard of his method of bringing about a reconciliation."

"Yes, one time he left the altar with the Sacred Host."

"Well, it was in 1135. Pope Innocent II was the lawful successor of St. Peter, but there was a contender for the papacy by the name of Anaclet II. Amongst the princes of France, who adhered to the unlawful pope, was William of Aquitaine. St. Bernard of Clairvaux tried to effect a reconciliation, but the prince was proud and stubborn. The saint was, therefore, unsuccessful in his first efforts. He realized that help must come from above. So he invited the excommunicated enemy to one more conference. Before opening the discussion, St. Bernard offered up to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The prince with his retinue waited at the church door. At the Communion the holy man of God with a countenance as though it were suddenly transfigured, placed the Sacred Host on the paten and with illumined face and eyes flaming walked to the church door. There he addressed the prince: 'We have pleaded with you but you spurned us. In our last conference the multitude accompanying God's servants on their part implored you and you despised them. Behold here the Son of the Virgin who comes to you! Behold the Head and Lord of the Church which You persecute! See here your Judge into

whose hands you will one day fall. Will you reject Him too? Will you spurn Him as you spurned His servants?" Stunning was the impression made on the witnesses and the victim began to tremble and fell unconscious to the ground. The saint approached him, urged him to rise, to be reconciled with the bishop of Poitiers, give him the kiss of peace, and restore union with the lawful Pope Innocent. Overpowered by the influence of the saint and bewildered by the presence of his Eucharistic Lord, the prince humbly embraced the exiled bishop and restored him to his See. The whole of Aquitaine went over to Pope Innocent. The Eucharist won the victory of reconciliation and the Church has now another William in her calendar of saints."

"Father, I suppose that anybody who has a spark of faith left would fall down when forced to face such a scene," commented Louis.

"Here is another incident though it is not quite so frightful. From 1313 to 1322 the two cousins, Frederick the Fair and Louis the Bavarian, contested for the crown of the German kingdom. On Sept. 28, 1322, Frederick was conquered and taken captive by Louis, who imprisoned his cousin in the castle of Trausnitz. After two and one half years a reconciliation was effected and Louis came in person to open the prison gates. The peace was then concluded in the presence of the Holy Eucharist. After receiving the sacrament of penance both at-

tended Mass. At the Communion Prior Godfrey divided the Sacred Host and administered a half to each of the two princes in order to represent to them the duty of perfect harmony and a complete reconciliation sealed by the Holy Eucharist."

Leo Lickens, Fred's brother, happened to be in the crowd. On arriving home, he spoke of the ravings of Louis. Fred's blood began to rise and 'the cur,' escaped from his lips. But when Leo insisted that he had more to tell, namely, that under the spell of Father Gilbert's oratory Louis had become like a lamb his blush of anger became a blush of shame. Walking away he said, "Well I can't afford to do less than Louis."

The next morning Father Gilbert found Louis and Fred side by side at the Communion railing. Later on in the day, meeting Louis, he commended the lads for the response. "But, Father, I wonder why the Host appeared so small to me this morning," he replied.

"That is easily explained," he said. "The number of the Hosts was dwindling down so I had to break some. It just happened that I broke one Host and gave you half and Fred half."

"Did you ever! If this isn't another case of a Louis and a Frederick receiving one Host."

"Let us hope that it is also another case of one heart and one soul."

Parents, Bless Your Children

IGNATIUS ESSER, O. S. B.

IS the average home as good as it used to be? To even a superficial observer the waning unity in modern family life is a source of sad regret. The scattered members of many families seem never to have experienced "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Autos, movies, public recreational grounds, multiplied societies and clubs, are often pointed out as disruptive factors that gradually annihilate the sweet charm of home life. Home, in many instances, is rather a place to be shunned than a haven to be sought.

However, autos, movies, public recreational grounds, societies, and clubs, are not the cause of family disunion. Nor is even an abuse of these things the cause of such a disunion. Their abuse is merely the manifestation of a want of family union and home attraction. The sorest need in family life to day is a *unifying principle*, a bond that will cement the members of a family together so tightly that disruptive

agencies will lose their power. Natural ties are not strong enough; they can be overcome by natural forces. The truly unifying principle in the family must be supernatural.

There exists such a supernatural, unifying principle, but it is sadly neglected. In fact, it is wholly unknown to many of those even whose privilege it is to apply it. How few parents there are that know anything about *parental blessing*. Fewer still there are that make use of it. You who read this article are somebody's child. Did that somebody ever bless you? Perhaps you are the parent of children. Did you ever bless your children?

Our dear Lord used to gather little children around Himself and bless them. "Suffer the little children to come unto me," He said. "And embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." Parents of today love their children. They embrace them. Why do they not lay their hands upon them and bless them? Jesus wants children to be blessed.

Certainly, the blessing bestowed on children by Jesus, was more efficacious than that which is bestowed on them by their parents. So also is the priestly blessing more efficacious than the parental blessing. Even so, the parental blessing is something so holy, so efficacious, that it deserves to be called the "Sacramental of the Domestic Hearth." How beautiful is the picture of a young father, or a young mother, imposing hands of benediction on a child of tender years and spotless innocence. No less beautiful is the picture of an aged parent, bestowing with trembling hands, a blessing on a full-grown son and daughter.

O yes, dear fathers and mothers, this is a privilege that is yours. Often you are urged to do your duty. Here is one time that you are urged to use a privilege that is yours by divine grant—a privilege that goes with the *sweet dignity of parenthood*.

Parental blessing is as old as the human race. It began with the oldest patriarchs. Throughout the Old Testament it was the usual method of transmitting divine favors. The blessings conferred on their children by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, are known to all that read the Sacred Scriptures. These same Scriptures give us an authoritative statement on parental blessing: "Honor thy father, in work and word, and in all patience, that a blessing may come upon thee from him, and his blessing may remain in the latter end. The father's blessing establisheth the houses of the children: but the mother's curse rooteth up the foundation." (Eccl 3:9-11.)

Many are the Scriptural instances whereby the efficacy of a parent's blessing, and also a parent's curse, is proved. We know the interesting story of Tobias, how he made a long journey with the Angel Raphael, who in disguise acted as a traveling companion. That was a most successful and profitable journey. Besides a safe return it included: the collection of money, the deliverance of the young Tobias from the dangerous fish, the winning of an excellent wife for the son, and the curing of the father's blindness. A point not to be overlooked in the story of this journey, is the parental blessing. Before setting out, the young Tobias received his father's blessing in the following grand words: "May you have a good journey, and God be with you in your way, and his angel accompany you."

Something else that we are well acquainted with, is the fact that the black race has furnished by far the greater part of the world's slaves. The blacks are descendants of Cham. The rest of the human race are descendants of Sem and Japheth. Of these three brothers, Cham sinned against his father, Noe, by im-

modest irreverence. Because of this sin, Noe cursed the posterity of Cham, saying: "Cursed be Chanaan (the son of Cham), a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." This is a warning example of the far-reaching effects of a parent's curse.

Nowadays a person so rarely sees parents bless their children, that he is inclined to think the privilege no longer exists. Has the parental blessing lost its efficacy in the New Testament? Has Christ's coming changed the essential relations between parent and child? Has matrimony, elevated by the Savior to the dignity of a sacrament, been lowered in spiritual values? Most certainly not! Jesus, in the New Testament, has increased the number and the capacity of the channels of grace, of which the parental blessing is one.

Parental blessing is parental blessing still. The scattered family and the empty hearth are but the concomitant of parental blessing neglected. If this "Sacramental of the Domestic Hearth" were more frequently administered, there would be more happy and contented families. The two indispensable factors of happiness in a home, are amiable authority on the part of parents, and loving obedience on the part of children.

Parents that bless are more keenly conscious of their responsible dignity. In their power to bless they recognize a channel of grace that they do not want to obstruct by disedifying example.

It is easy for a child to see God's representative in a parent before whom it frequently kneels for a blessing. With this recognition come the love, reverence, and obedience that children owe to parents.

If your home is not all that you would like it to be, try adding the above ingredients: edification, love, reverence, and obedience. You get them all, and much more, too, out of the parental blessing. These are the things that make the homes out of which saints come forth.

In the lives of the saints and the saintly, we find many beautiful examples that help to spur us on in fostering this worthy custom. The last words of the mother of St. Gregory of Nyssa, were her words of benediction pronounced over her ten children, some of them absent, some present. The dying mother of St. Edmund called her boy from Paris to England to bestow on him her blessing. The Blessed Thomas Moore, even when a married man, advanced in years and official dignity—He was Lord Chancellor of England—never left his father's house without that aged parent's blessing.

The Little Flower of Jesus, whose charming, childlike sanctity has made her so popular, undoubtedly owes some of her exalted holiness to

her parent's blessing. The custom of blessing the children prevailed in the home of the Little Flower. In her autobiography she expressly mentions the blessing received from her father on one momentous occasion. It was the day she entered the convent. Hear her speak for herself: "The next morning after a last look at the happy home of my childhood, I set out for the Carmel, where we all heard Mass (April 9, 1888) I embraced all my dear ones and knelt for my Father's blessing. He, too, knelt down and blessed me through his tears."

A little more than a year ago our Catholic papers attracted the attention of readers with the headline: "Bishop Kneels for Mother's Blessing." It was the Right Reverend F. T. Roche, D. D., Bishop of Tuticurin, India. He met his mother at the railway station. There, in presence of a multitude of people, he "knelt before his mother to receive her blessing, and the grand old lady, placing her wrinkled hands on the head of her illustrious son, moved many a spectator to tears."

Dear fathers and mothers, open up to your children this choice channel of grace. Make a diligent and frequent use of this *greatest privilege of parents*.

You may wonder when parents ought to bless their children. They ought to bless them often. At night after night prayers is a very good time to bestow a daily blessing. Before going on a journey or undertaking an important or a dangerous occupation, also during sickness, sons and daughters ought to get their parents' blessing. At the more important turning points in life, fathers and mothers ought solemnly to bless their children, thus, upon their entering school, on their First Communion day, on their wedding day, or when they leave to enter the convent or monastery, or the holy priesthood. Send a blessing even to your absent children. Before you go to bed at night, think of the absent son or daughter. They may be in sore need of your help. Your blessing is the most powerful help that you can give them. Protect them with the seal of the sacred Cross that you make over them. Include a "God bless you, my child," in the letters to your children. Your last blessing should be given to all your children, when you are at the point of death.

How is the parental blessing given? In a most simple, yet impressive manner. Place your hands on the head of the kneeling child. Say: "I bless you, my child, in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." While saying "in the name of the Father," etc., make the sign of the Cross upon the forehead, with the thumb of the right hand. If you bless all your children at once, simply extend your hands over all, and make one Cross over them,

while you pronounce the above words. Any other appropriate words of your own choice may be used. Vary them to suit the occasion. The words of Tobias quoted above, are beautiful words of blessing for one about to make a long journey. Simply let the words of blessing indicate what you wish your children.

After reading this, what will be the attitude of parents, sons, and daughters, towards the practice of parental blessing? Young parents will welcome this happy privilege, of which they perhaps knew absolutely nothing. With joy will the proud young father and the jubilant young mother lay hands of blessing upon their precious baby. The practice once begun, will easily be kept up.

But what about older families, where through ignorance of this beautiful custom, the parental blessing was never given? Rather reluctantly will aged parents make this start in the evening of their married life. Yet they will surely not refuse their blessing if their grown up sons and daughters ask for it. Nor ought these to hesitate in asking for a gift that surpasses all natural gifts that parents can give to them.

Good fathers and mothers, you have endured much labor, fatigue, and pain, to give to your children natural gifts, life and life's accessories. Generously add to your bounteous bestowals the crowning complement—your blessing. This one treasure will supernaturalize the rest.

St. Ambrose well says: "You may not be rich; you may be unable to bequeath any great possessions to your children; but one thing you can give them: the heritage of your blessing. And it is better to be blessed than to be rich." May God doubly bless the parents that bless their children.

Roads

P. J. SANDILL

There are roads that lead out of the city,
Make the loop and then travel right back;
And others go up through the valley,
Along the river and railroad track.

There are some that are guarded by roses,
They lead to a house and a home;
And others again climb the high mountains,
Where youth and expectancy roam.

I have chummed with all, winter and summer,
And I've loved them, and dreamed in my way,
That, loving, they would not disappoint me,
But show me their heaven someday.

Oh, the city has wide streets and plenty,
Where limousines roll smoothly,
And the country has long roads and dusty,—
But they all go to Calvary.

St. Francis De Sales

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

EARLY YEARS

IN the beautiful land of Savoy high up on a steep incline and looking down on the little village of Thorens, Francis de Sales was born on Thursday, August 21st, 1567.

His birth took place in the old Château de Sales in a tiny room called "la chambre de St. François d'Assisi," on account of a picture of the seraphic saint that hung over a small altar. It is now a chapel.

Seven years previously his father, Francis Seigneur de Nouvilles had married the young daughter of Melchior de Serinay, Seigneur de la Vallière, de la Thuile et de Boisy. She was heiress to all these vast possessions, therefore on her marriage she was given the lands of Boisy, her husband taking the title with the estate and they were known as Monsieur and Madame de Boisy.

Some months previously Madame de Boisy had gone on a pilgrimage to the old church of Notre Dame de Liesse at Annecy in order to venerate the Holy Winding Sheet brought there from Chambéry by Anne d'Este, wife of James of Savoy. While kneeling in reverent contemplation of the Wounds of her Redeemer, her heart was filled with prophetic joy and she offered her unborn child to her Saviour, promising to dedicate him to God from his birth.

Generously and faithfully she kept her word, invariably in after years encouraging her son in his ideals, and doing all in her power to aid him in his ardent desire to consecrate himself to the Most High in the sacerdotal state.

His father strongly opposed them, as the eldest son he wished Francis to succeed to the title and estates, but from the day on which our saint had the ineffable happiness of receiving for the first time Holy Communion his desire to embrace the ecclesiastical state increased. M. de Boisy had planned out quite a different career for him. He wished him to become an advocate and a member of the Senate of Savoy. However, as receiving the tonsure meant very little in those days—not even binding the recipient to put aside the sword, or wear the clerical dress, and certainly in no way compelling the final taking of holy orders—M. de Boisy allowed his son to go through the ceremony at Clermont in 1578.

When Francis was thirteen in 1580, M. de Boisy resolved to send him to Paris to study at the University. So he set out for la Ville Lumière accompanied by his tutor, the faithful and devoted M. Déage.

Instead of amusing himself in the gay city, he at once started studying with his usual energy, attending lectures, reading and writing and giving most of his leisure to prayer and works of charity. He communicated every week, heard Mass daily, frequently visited the Blessed Sacrament, but in spite of his fervour and piety, he was for six weeks the prey to a most terrible temptation to despair. His soul was torn with anguish, he felt he was predestined to eternal damnation, yet with this appalling idea torturing his soul he cried aloud in agony. "O Jesus," he prayed, "if I am doomed never to see you in heaven, grant, oh dearest Lord, that I may love you while I am on earth. Holy Mary, Mother of God, shall I then never behold you? Pray for me, beloved Mother, that when I am burning in the fires of hell I may never blaspheme you or your adorable Son. If it is His most holy will that I must lose Him for eternity, may His will be done, but at least grant that I may love and praise Him even when damned."

His fervent prayers were heard, the Holy Mother came to his aid. One day when kneeling before her statue in the Church of St. Etienne de Gris, he devoutly recited the Memorare, and as he did so, the evil that was like a hideous leprosy fell from him. His thoughts grew serene and tranquil, his troubled mind was at rest, and he blessed the name of the Lord.

Thus saved through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, his gratitude to her was unbounded, he promised to recite the rosary every day and frequently repeat the Memorare.

He spent five years in Paris, studied theology under John Suarez, Greek under Père Sermond, and Hebrew under Genebrard. In order to finish his education, M. de Boisy decided to send him to the University of Padua to take out his degree of jurisprudence.

Therefore in 1586 he set out, accompanied by M. Déage, and, having travelled through the most famous cities of France, paid a flying visit to his own home, and crossed the Alps in safety, he arrived in 1587 at his destination. In September, 1591, he had completed his course and the degree was conferred on him by the celebrated and learned Doctor of Jurisprudence Guy Panciriola.

Francis was full of gratitude to his *Alma Mater*. In an eloquent speech he thanked the Bishop, the Rector, the Professors, saying:

"If I know anything, it is to you I owe it—to you in particular Guy Panciriola, prince of Jurisprudence, and I ask you to give me with

your own hands the ring, the cap, and the privileges of the University."

Accordingly Guy Panciriola placed the ring on his finger, the crown and cap on his head, remarking:

"The University finds in you, Francis de Sales, the sublimest qualities of head and heart, and it is with the greatest pleasure it receives you amongst its graduates."

Francis visited Rome before returning to Savoy, and having satisfied his devotion and his curiosity, he returned home by way of Loreto and Venice.

At Loreto he was filled with ecstatic joy at the sight of the Holy House of Nazareth in which Jesus, Mary, and Joseph had lived and prayed and worked. Once more he consecrated himself to God and the Blessed Virgin, renewing his vow of chastity, then prostrate on the ground, he kissed it fervently, watering it with his tears, while burning words of divine love broke from him.

A PRIEST OF GOD

On a beautiful day in the Spring of 1592 a handsome young cavalier rode up to the ancient Château de Thuile, now the residence of M. and Madame de Boisy. He was accompanied by a venerable white-haired priest.

They were Francis de Sales and M. Dèage. Francis was twenty-five, fair and debonair, with kind, blue eyes, a winning smile, and a gentle, refined manner. He was generous, high-spirited, always scrupulous in speaking the strictest truth. His words were always guarded and modest, such as his mother might have heard. He was ever ready to excuse and to forgive and the wonderful gift he had of influencing men's minds showed even then when he stood as it were on the threshold of life. His blue eyes held a sweet serenity and they could console, command, and express the deepest sympathy, even when he did not utter a word, so fraught were they with eloquence and persuasiveness.

He was a gallant cavalier, could ride, fence, and converse on every subject, for, knowing it was his father's wish he should excel in all the accomplishments suited to his rank, he had endeavoured to perfect himself in worldly arts, believing that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well.

M. de Boisy was enchanted. Dreams of a glorious career for this favoured and favourite loved son of his flitted through his brain and as the first step, he induced Francis to go to Chambéry to be called to the bar. There Francis met the man who was to be his lifelong friend, Antoine Faure. He was an advocate and senator and distinguished for his learning and piety.

On November 24th, 1592, Francis de Sales was admitted as an advocate by the Senate of Savoy. M. de Boisy was now convinced that his son had started on the road to worldly success and therefore set about looking for a suitable wife to help him socially. Mademoiselle de Suchet, the charming daughter of the Seigneur de Vigy, had all the qualifications. She was young, well-born, well-dowered, pretty, and attractive. M. de Boisy considered she would make an ideal wife for his son, however, Francis held different views and told his father in a very decided way he would never marry, and that his unalterable intention was to consecrate himself to Almighty God in the ecclesiastical state.

He met with opposition, and for a time was torn between the duty he owed to his father and the duty he owed God, his tender heart rent in twain by conflicting emotions; however, when things were at their darkest, Christ Our Lord found a way to soften and conciliate the obdurate father and to enable the son to follow his sublime vocation.

The Provost of the Chapter of Geneva died and the Canon Louis de Sales, having consulted the Venerable Bishop Claude de Granier, travelled to Rome and solicited the Pope to confer this dignity upon his cousin Francis.

Returning to Annecy, Louis interviewed M. de Boisy, telling him that this was the highest dignity—next in fact to that of Bishop—and urging him not to stand in his son's way now that the designs of Providence were so clearly shown.

M. de Boisy reluctantly yielded and on the Feast of the Ascension, May 26th, 1593, Francis de Sales was installed by the Chapter of Annecy, all gladly welcoming their new Provost.

Francis was not then a priest. He himself said afterwards, "I was a prelate without even being a subject. I would rather have been a simple cleric, rather have carried the holy water than the crozier."

On September 18th following he was made a deacon, and on Saturday, December 15th, 1593, he was ordained priest. His soul inflamed with Divine love, he prepared himself by prayer and fasting to celebrate his first Mass. This great event took place on December 21st, the Feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, in the Cathedral of Annecy.

"From that day," wrote Père la Rivière, "he gave himself up to an interior and peaceful life. One saw it in his eyes, his speech, his manner, and there was something so angelic and holy in his appearance, that everyone was compelled by a gentle violence to esteem and love him."

(To be continued)

Living Stones

AQUILA

HENRY Harland, in one of his delightful romances, has this sentence: "Human life is like a city, and a city seen from a distance, is like human life taken as a whole." And then he goes on to show that there is something akin to dismay as bit by bit of life passes, and our faith is tried by the evil it presents, the pain, disease, foul play, inequalities, injustices—what you will. Even as a city, as we pass through its streets, revolts us with its dirt, decay, squalor, noise, and sordid population. But as no one amongst us human beings has invented a process whereby we can live our lives as a whole, it is of little use to try so to view them, we have to live them, bit by bit. And well for us that it should be so.

And this little pleasantry carried me straight back to that wonderful treatise of Saint Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* (Concerning the City of God). For therein he too compares human life to a city—really to two cities, the City of God as started by Abel, and which has gone on growing and developing ever since, side by side and in fierce rivalry with the City of Evil as started by Cain. The history of each St. Augustine traces for us, in grim detail, and as the tracing proceeds the eternal fitness appears of the name he gives to Abel's foundation, the City of God.

As we live our little lives, bit by bit, day by day, we are preparing ourselves as stones for the building of one City or the other—of course belonging to the City of God as we do, we have no doubt as to where our treasure is: our object is then to make certainly sure that our hearts are there also. And in order that our hearts may be so fixed and rooted, it is necessary that our minds should learn to dwell in the precincts of this Holy City; to make there our home. Surely it is only reasonable that the City to which we belong should be our home, and that we should treat in the manner they deserve all the seductions of that special rival the City of Evil. Undoubtedly all the choice delights are to be found in our City, and as we study its walls and bulwarks, its courts and pleasant places, we shall find that all the beauty is within. "All the beauty of the King's daughter is within, in golden raiment, surrounded with variety," as says Psalm 44. Whatever beauty the other possesses is outside show, with interior disappointment.

Hidden in the midst of England is a Convent of Benedictine Nuns; a community which came originally from France something over a hun-

dred years ago. It is British now, but a number of French terms and usages remain with them traditionally. It has had much to do with building up and strengthening Catholic life in England during the century; not only as the cause and scene of many conversions, but also in indescribable but real manner influencing the general tone of Catholicism in the country. It has been as famous really, in its own more modest and useful way in these times, as Port Royal was in its unhappy way in its times. It has entered into the making of the Catholic History of England in the XIX Century, and without noise or fuss continues its beneficent course in the XXth, in spite of all difficulties, thus worthily taking its own glorious place in the City of God. It happens, in the dispensation of Divine Providence, that I have two daughters, professed Choir Religious, in this community. They have been here a goodly number of years, and our custom (my wife and I) has been to visit them annually, but this custom has been broken into by circumstances, and we had never prolonged our visit to the extent of the traditional custom, which is supposed to be three complete days. So now it was suggested that we should accomplish this. *Must* do so, as really so much was due to St. Benedict himself, to say nothing of our own daughters. So, needless to say, we went.

You ask, perhaps, what has this to do with the City of God? Well. As our life passes bit by bit, the evil has to be taken out, so that our faith be not obscured; and as to pain, disease, foul play, and the rest of it, all these must be used after the manner of St. Augustine's ladder, to enable us continually to mount upward, or as the shaping and smoothing of the stones for the building of the walls. And of course we must always smile, it pleases God better. And every Catholic knows that joy is from God, dullness from the devil. And it is really a delightful aid to an everlasting smile to see these good Sisters in their beautiful monastic home: to observe their presentation of the Benedictine life in full operation, and which brings before one as vividly as a Cinema picture all the circumstances of the last meeting between St. Benedict and his sister St. Scholastica, as related with such beauty by St. Gregory. For here the very atmosphere, sternly Benedictine as it is, breathes forth the sweet fragrance of St. Scholastica. It would need a poet to translate this into words—or the pen of a St. Gregory—but the results of it all are obvious enough; and

their predominant features are a joyous peace, that manifests itself in every action and attitude; and a high courage, that speaks not in words, but in the steady endurance of devoted lives. Oh! quite an object lesson in human life—human life at its best; “de *devoto femineo sexu*”; and none the less devoted because intensely human; all the more human because so encrusted with the divine. An illuminating meditation on human life for the whole of the three days—aye, and afterwards, for there are some scenes on which one loves to linger.

Visiting at the same time were a lady and a gentleman, the lady being the sister of one of the nuns. It was suggested that I might like to accompany the gentleman in my walks abroad, what time my wife was holding converse with her daughters. I naturally fell in with this arrangement and found him a very pleasant companion, quite a first rank Catholic, and all out a live wire in all the activities of his parish, so that we were able to compare notes and agreeably discuss the leading topics of parochial, diocesan, and national interest. In the course of our rambles we one morning made a call upon a neighboring priest, very old and infirm, just able to say his Mass and attend the needs of his small parish, thus patiently waiting for his rest in the little graveyard attached to his church. He told us many tales of his youth, and college days, and experiences of his long priesthood, giving us another glimpse of a life hidden with Christ in God. As we returned to the convent, by a different way, we both felt

we had bidden our old friend farewell, as it did not seem likely we would ever see him again in life. Happy we, we thought, if, realizing the blessing he had given us at parting, in the mercy of God it may be our lot to meet him in the City of our God, the Kingdom of Heaven.

But all visits end, this one very happily. Looking at it again in quiet memory, I realize how happy it was. And now the reading of Henry Harland's romance with its quaint little phrases, has connected my mind with St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, and that again with this convent visit, for such and so strange are the connections that work themselves into one's thoughts, and it seems to come into the habit of one's meditation to make them, and, as I think, not at all unprofitably either.

We are all, consciously or not, helping to build the City of God—or we ought to be—transforming ourselves into living stones, as St. Peter has it in the second chapter of his first Epistle; and as it is “a city that hath foundations,” it is a matter of joy to see how things do fit into one another, and so to watch the edifice grow. Some day we hope to see it in all its beauty, the Jerusalem that is above, which is our Mother. Meanwhile, the place for the fitting process is *here and now*. For, as exemplified in the building of King Solomon's Temple, the cutting, chiselling, and shaping has all to be done in the quarry “so that there was neither sound of hammer nor axe nor of any tool of iron heard in the building.”—Kings 6:7.

A Retreat Stopped by Washington

FRANK HERBERT SWEET

GENERAL Charles Lee had taken part in the cabal against Washington, for he always felt that he ought to be first and Washington second. He was second in command now, and his opinion had great weight. He was a trained soldier among many untried men. Washington felt it wise to ignore jealousy. He believed they should harass or even attack the enemy just now massed in New Jersey. He therefore ordered Lafayette with a large division to fall upon the British at an exposed point. He thought it not unlikely this would bring on a general action, and he disposed his forces so as to be ready.

He gave the command to Lafayette, because the young Marquis was devoted to him and to the cause, and while brave to recklessness, had yet a quick and keen mind to detect and seize upon opportunities that many others would not see. Indeed, in spite of his youth, Lafayette

was one of the best and most trusted generals that Washington had. By reason of rank, Lee was entitled to the command; but Lee had disapproved of the plan.

However, soon after Lafayette had set out, Lee came to Washington and declared that Lafayette's division was so large as to make it almost an independent army, and that therefore he would like to change his mind and take command. It never would do to have his junior in such authority.

Here was a dilemma. Washington could not recall Lafayette. And he wished to make use of Lee; so he gave Lee two additional brigades, sent him forward to join Lafayette, when, as senior, he would, of course, command the entire force, and at the same time he notified Lafayette of what he had done, trusting to his sincere devotion to the cause in such an emergency.

Lee pushed forward and joined young Lafayette, and was now in command of the advance. Lafayette was eager to move upon the enemy.

"You do not know British soldiers," said Lee. "We cannot stand against them. We shall certainly be driven back, and we must be cautious."

"Perhaps so," returned Lafayette. "But we have beaten British soldiers and can do it again."

Soon after, one of Washington's aids approached for intelligence, and Lafayette, in despair at Lee's inaction, sent the messenger to urge Washington to come at once to the front; that he was needed. Washington was already on the way, before the messenger reached him, when he was met by a little fifer boy, who cried: "They are all coming this way, your honor."

"Who are coming, my little man?" asked General Knox, who was riding by Washington.

"Why, our boys, your honor, and the British right after them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Washington, and he galloped to a hill just ahead. To his amazement and dismay, he saw his men retreating. He lost not an instant, but, putting spurs to his horse, dashed forward. After him flew the officers who had been riding by his side, but they could not overtake him. His horse, covered with foam, shot down the road, over a bridge and up the hill beyond. The men knew him; they stopped. They made way for the splendid-looking man, as he, their leader, rode headlong into the midst of them.

Lee was there, ordering the retreat, and Washington drew his rein as he came upon him. A moment of terrible silence—then Washington burst out, his eyes flashing: "What, sir, is the meaning of this?"

"Sir, sir," stammered Lee.

"I desire to know, sir, the meaning of this disorder and confusion."

Lee, enraged now by Washington's towering passion, made an angry reply. He declared that the whole affair was against his opinion.

"You are a poltroon!" flashed back Washington. "Whatever your opinion may have been, I expected my orders to be obeyed."

"These men cannot face the British grenadiers," declared Lee.

"They can do it, and they shall!" exclaimed Washington, galloping off to survey the ground. Presently he came back; his wrath had gone down in the presence of the peril to the army. He ignored Lee's opinion.

"Will you retain the command here, or shall I?" he demanded. "If you will, I will return to the main body and have it formed on the next height."

"It makes no difference to me where I command," said Lee sullenly.

"Then remain here," ordered Washington. "And mind, it is your last chance with me. I expect you to take all means for checking the enemy, even to not thinking of your own life."

"Your orders shall be obeyed, and I shall not be the first to leave the ground," replied Lee, with sudden spirit, stung by the words and the fact that many ears overheard.

The rest of that day the battle raged, and in the thickest of it could be seen the stalwart form of the young marquis. Next morning preparations were made to renew the battle, but it was found that the British had slipped away under cover of the darkness, not wishing to risk another engagement.

The Sangreal

CHARLES E. HODSON

"The vision of a cup which comes and goes." Tennyson.

DOUBTLESS many of your readers have heard of the two-column monograph brought out by Kouchakji Frères of New York and Paris on the archaeological find made at Antioch in 1910 by some Arabs who were digging a well on the site of the ancient cathedral which was long ago destroyed by an earthquake. The Kouchakjis, who purchased the relic from the Syrian finders declare, like good men, that they will never sell it; it is too sacred to be an object of traffic. The accomplished archaeological authority, Dr. Eisen, who has devoted eight years of close study to the chalice, and to related legends and traditions, maintains a scientific caution, allowing, however, that the vast majority of those who investigate the matter will conclude that this is the cup used by Christ at the last supper.

As the price of this bulky monograph is \$150, it is not everyone who will see his way to purchasing it; however, he might desire to acquire it. The edition is limited to a thousand copies.

A number of the highest authorities in the United States and Europe are agreed that some especial sanctity must have been attached to the cup, and it is now established that the Grail legend dates from the fourth century. The origin of all these legends trace back to the East. Also, from Syrian tombs of the fourth century, objects have been found, inscribed with symbols bearing on the Grail legends. What comes before us most directly is Sir Thomas Mallory's book and, especially, Tennyson's well-known poem.

It is clearly impossible that such a widespread and persistent story should have enjoyed such a vogue had it not rested on a solid basis of fact.

It would have been passing strange if the early Christians had not treasured the leading objects connected with the Faith. For safety, in those disturbed times, these venerable relics would have been carefully treasured and concealed and, in this manner, many of them have doubtless been lost.

To come to the cup. It is a crude chalice of silver, the top of the metal turned over to form a lip. It is the sort of drinking cup that was much employed about the year 30 A. D. But about this seemingly uninteresting object has been built another silver cup, to glorify and protect it, dating some thirty years later. This is an unrivalled work of Greek art, and the last of its class. Also, it is the first example of Christian art. This external cup rests on a lotus leaf and has a short stem and base. The whole is barely eight inches high. It reveals three great secrets of Greek art: the "occulted spiral," as Dr. Eisen calls it, indicated lines not consciously noted, giving an air of life to the figure; the Greek "dynamic symmetry"; the "lift of inhalation," the figure portrayed at the intake of the breath, enhancing the emotional effect.

On this marvellous case are representations of Christ as a child and as a man. Presumably the artist, even though he had not seen Christ, had an accurate description of His appearance from some of his intimates. We shall, it would seem, have to destroy all our old pictures of the Saviour. He is clean-shaved, after the custom of the gentlemen of the period, and has short hair. Great care was used in removing the oxide of silver with which the cup was heavily encrusted and, even so, some of the faces have more or less suffered.

There are twelve figures on the cup in all, ten in addition to those of Christ already mentioned, to say nothing of eagles, lambs, doves, and other symbolical figures. With the exception of Christ, all are represented in profile. These are the evangelists, and some of the apostles.

The figure of Christ is slighter and more elegant than those of the others; it is vigorous youthful, and elastic. The face is long and tapering, the eyes deep-set. The nose is straight, and the slightly open mouth, beautiful. The head is that of a thinker, a mystic, and a man of force. The face is alive with ecstasy. And to think of the Christs they have given us all down the ages!

Peter, to the right of Christ, shows intense energy and intelligence, with a regular curved

Jewish nose, and wavy hair and beard. None of the figures are bald, as so many of the artists have perversely depicted them. Look in particular at their caricatures of St. Joseph!

On the other side of the Master is Paul, with a high cylindrical head, a short round chin, and a straight nose.

Luke has the aspect of an old Greek thinker, with long thick wavy hair and beard, a Greek headband, and a straight nose.

Mark is an evident countryman, with a large head, and a large twisted mouth, the latter, perhaps, from his having been a water carrier, and shouting out his errand in the streets.

Matthew is a tall elderly business man, thoroughly Jewish.

John has a small round head, with a short nose, and full mouth. His face is smooth, as it has always been represented.

Then there are Luke and the two Jameses, Jude and Andrew.

So after these long-drawn-out centuries we have, perhaps, found the Holy Grail.

The Kouchakjis moved this treasure from Syria to Paris, but in the autumn of 1914, when the Germans were threatening Paris, they sent it to their New York house for safety.

Antioch! The great Eastern capital, where the followers of Jesus were first called Christians, whence St. Paul and the others would set forth on their missionary journeys, where so many Councils were held, whence came St. John of the Golden Mouth—here, by the chance stroke of a countryman's pick, is exposed a treasure in comparison with which the great finds in Egypt and Tunis pale and lose their interest.

But will the Grail, as the mediaevals dreamed, cure the sick world of all its ills? Would that one could think so!

Lobar Pneumonia

Indiana State Medical Association

LOBAR Pneumonia is a very common, definite, or, as physicians say, specific disease, in which a peculiar form of inflammation occurs in one or both lungs. The lungs are divided into separate parts called lobes, three lobes being in the right lung and two in the left. In lobar pneumonia, one or more whole lobes of one or both lungs are involved. Hence it is called lobar pneumonia. When just a part of a lobe is involved in this inflammatory process, we find a very different disease produced by quite different causes; we do not call such a condition lobar pneumonia.

From five to ten per cent of all deaths that occur are due to lobar pneumonia, according

to statistics collected by the U. S. Public Health Service. The disease may occur at any age, but is most common in young children and in old people. It occurs more than twice as often in males as in females, due no doubt to the fact that males are more generally exposed to the conditions which favor its development.

Lobar pneumonia occurs all over the world but is somewhat less common in the tropics. It is most prevalent in the winter months and in early spring, and it is most common, as a rule, in persons having outdoor occupations and very often follows severe exposure to cold.

The direct cause of pneumonia is infection of the lung tissue with a microscopic vegetable germ known as the pneumococcus, so called because it is almost round in shape and occurs in pneumonia. This germ always is seen under the microscope in pairs and for this reason, it is often called a diplococcus. There are several different kinds of these germs.

The symptoms of pneumonia are quite pronounced and are characteristic of the disease. The onset is very abrupt; the patient experiences a rather severe chill and rapidly develops a high fever. Severe pain often develops in the side, a short dry cough is noticed, and the breathing is very rapid, the rate being from 40 to 50 breaths a minute in adults, instead of the normal 18 breaths per minute.

As the disease progresses, the symptoms continue with only slight abatement or they may be increased in severity except for the pain which is usually worse in the early part of the course of the disease.

The breathing is difficult and shallow from the beginning. A cough with brick dust colored tenacious expectoration is a symptom which may be quite distressing. The patient usually lies on the affected side. This allows the unaffected lung freer movement and is more comfortable for the patient. Headache, sleeplessness, delirium, and, in children, convulsions may occur.

When a fatal issue occurs in pneumonia, it is often due to some complication. When the heart has been impaired from any other cause it is difficult for it to withstand the heavy strain resulting as the lung is unable to receive the blood from the heart due to the inflammatory process. Not many complications occur in this disease, but if they do occur some of them are quite serious.

The treatment of pneumonia calls for the services of a skilled physician. The fever in pneumonia lasts from six to ten days, usually about nine days. The temperature may drop suddenly on the ninth day (or some other day) and the patient may begin at once to grow better, or the change from worse to better may

be more gradual. There may be relapses, or complications may set in even at this stage but usually when this so-called crisis is reached, uninterrupted recovery follows.

Sleep

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Thou leadest man to darkness, light or to oblivion;
Givest him a mirror of his joys, his agony to know.
Ah, never guide me to that dark sad Portal on,
When I shall wake within God's House of Woe!

Helpful Ladies

(Continued from page 445)

"He is in my basement now, attending to the furnace," said Father. "He did not know you were to use the hall. He was telling me only a few minutes ago that no one was using the hall today."

"Oh! He was lying to you, Father!" she gasped. "I am using the hall! Mrs. Lynch and Mrs. Daly telephoned me and said this was the day I had a class in Parliamentary Law, so I hurried to get here!"

The janitor was coming upstairs. Father met him with: "Mr. Black, the Parliamentary Law Class is to meet this afternoon. Did Miss Quinn apprise you?"

"No, Father," replied Mr. Black, "that class is listed for a week from today."

Mrs. Thugge searched her date book and her face crimsoned. She was big enough to admit her mistake, but laid all the blame on Mrs. Daly and Mrs. Lynch for calling her.

Again Father was alone for a few minutes. Mr. Black had been a railroad engineer until his eyes failed. When St. Catherine's secured him they considered themselves fortunate. He had three sons, all studying at a nearby seminary. Mr. Black had no faults to the naked eye, save one, he would sing as he worked, and his singing voice was not the best. The ladies could sputter, snarl, cry. Mr. Black heeded them not. Mrs. Black washed the altar linens, and gratuitously, saying it was a great honor to be allowed to do so much for God. She was a convent graduate, choir leader, and church organist.

Father tried to diagnose his people. The ladies. Helpful. Just like his sister Anne, when they were youngsters at home. She ever told their father of their misdemeanors. It was Anne's great helpfulness that was the means of the father's frequent applications of the gad. Father Martin's head sank forward. His eyes closed. When Margaret came in to dust she found him sleeping. She tiptoed out. "Poor man," she said. "Poor man." 'Tis the likes of him would have the ladies bothering him. God give him the grace not to murder them all."

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Poor memory is merely bad management,—according to some educators. Tests to improve memory have shown two very encouraging results. First, that nearly everyone has more power of memory than he imagines. Secondly, that intensive training produces great improvement in memory. In regard to the second fact, the improvement is generally in the particular line of memory exercised.

—The woodpecker drills his holes into trees not from mere pastime but for a set purpose. Each hole is a sort of combined pantry and incubator. He deposits an acorn in the hole, goes away while a grub hatches, then comes back some day and enjoys a meal.

—The next rain maker promises to be the airplane, discharging sand through the clouds. The sand, in falling, passes between two electrodes and is charged with electricity. Results have obtained only when clouds are present. The amount of rainfall was very little, still the results show the great possibilities in store.

—Is the sense of smell one of five, or one of twelve? Some scientists wish to speak of more than five, though the old division of five may be retained by broadening the definition and admitting more differentiation. A single antenna of the ordinary honey bee contains no less than 30,000 cells concerned with the sense of smell. Plants are busily engaged in making odoriferous substances, not so much for man, but rather for insects. We distinguish primary colors for the sense of sight. A like classification for the sense of smell would designate 'primary smells' as flowery, putrid, fruity, rootlike, resinous, and aromatic.

—Gasoline engines that turn in one direction as readily as in the other are one of the many striking equipments of the dirigible Los Angeles, which flew from Germany to America. The reversing is accomplished by reversing the valve-timing.

—Two outstanding facts of the Los Angeles' flight from Germany are:—Strength in the air and at the mooring mast; control in flight and on landing.

—Drive a pipe into the ground, connect the pipe with a steam engine, and see the engine revolve! It is not a dream. Two 'steam wells' of Alexander Valley, in California, tap underground steam reservoirs or natural 'boilers' to run steam engines. The plant has been in operation for over two years. Another interesting phenomenon in the same valley is the natural ink pot. Hydrogen sulphide gas, acting on iron-bearing waters produce a black fluid which will serve for a fair writing fluid.

—Rust and corrosion cost the United States about \$2,500,000,000 a year.

—The most beautiful colors are not to be found in minerals, nor in flowers, nor even in the spring and autumn skies, but in the eyes of small insects.

—Over one million electric lights are used for the advertising signs in New York City.

—Which is the best radio set to buy? *The Scientific American* has the following sane remarks. There is no 'best' set, just as there is not 'best' suit of clothes. It depends on your wants. For near stations, and for one or two persons receiving, a small set with head telephones will be sufficient. For distant stations, and for loudspeakers, so that many persons can 'listen in,' a more complicated and more expensive set is needed. Sets operating on dry batteries are more convenient and portable than those operating on storage batteries. Sets with storage batteries give greater volume, tube for tube, and more dependable operation, with less upkeep for three or more tubes. Outdoor antenna will give greater distance than a loop, but less selectivity. The hearing of a distant station with a particular type of set *cannot* be guaranteed.

—Oil fires are now prevented by X-rays. In cracking the heavy oils into lighter oils for automobile use, the oil is heated under high pressure in special boilers. Any defect in the metal of the boiler may result in an explosion and subsequent fire. The recent discovery that X-rays will detect flaws in metal has prevented many such boiler explosions.

—Like to big guns are the super-pressure boilers, carrying twelve hundred pounds of steam pressure. In ordinary boilers, 250 pounds pressure is considered high. The use of super-pressure boilers has now passed the experimental stage,—one large unit for this country being installed at Boston, Mass.

—Cotton is a social climber,—it is seeking to be classed as wool, linen, and even as silk. It has a natural handicap in not having the warmth of wool, the luster of linen, or the sheen of silk. So it has allied itself to chemistry to move in higher society. Many years ago John Mercer, an Englishman, tried soaking cotton in an alkali and allowing it to dry under tension so as to prevent shrinking. Cotton shrinks from soap much like the small boy. The lye took the kinks out of the cotton and gave it something of the luster of silk. Now the inventor's name lives on in the 'Mercerized' products. A recent invention makes cotton look like wool. The process is the opposite of mercerization. Cotton treated with an acid becomes more curly and wears much better, resembling wool in appearance and warmth. The new product is called philanized cloth, from the Philana Company, of Basel, Switzerland. Cotton waste, dissolved to a viscous fluid, and drawn into threads, will closely resemble silk in appearance, if not in strength. Fifty per cent of what seems to be silk nowadays comes from the chemical laboratory instead of the cocoon.

—The flight around the world in an airplane has shown that long trips depend much on the ground supplies. Sea planes in the future will probably have to be of metal,—for instance, duralumin. The planes used for the tropics will have to be designed for less

loading per square foot, owing to the lighter atmosphere.

—Hornless loudspeakers for radio, with an efficiency like to the sound of the head telephones, are announced for the radio public. The new loudspeaker projects the sound in all directions, so that hearers at the side are served as well as those in front.

—The motor car of the immediate future promises no radical change in any principle, but offers many improvements in operation. Some of the saner predictions and realizations are as follows: press a button, and have your entire chassis lubricated; touch a foot brake, and the forward motion is stopped by the momentum of the car itself; turn the steering wheel with a little finger, and a large car answers perfectly; pour a little fluid in the gas tank, and eliminate carbon formation; hit a curb stone, and scarcely feel a jar, owing to the improved shock absorbers.

—Why do we get tired? A chemical called lactic acid produces the feeling. Lactic acid is the substance which gives the sharp, acid taste to sour milk. When muscles are used, they produce this lactic acid as a waste material. It remains partly in the muscle itself, partly in the blood stream, to be carried to other muscles. It is then changed into a useful substance called glycogen, but loses some energy in the transformation. One surprising thing shown by recent experiments is that this change into a useful substance takes place also in the muscles not being used. For instance, in walking, the muscles of the legs producing lactic acid, will have the muscles of the arm to reconvert the acid into glycogen.

—A sailless, wind-propelled ship is announced from Germany. Two large revolving cylinders are used instead of masts. The principle is that of the curved ball in baseball. The twisting of the ball against air pressure changes its course. Likewise, the rotating cylinders of the ship produce suction or pressure for propelling the ship. This 'rotor' system controls the ship without sails or large crew. The Hamburg-American Steamship Company is considering the construction of freighters of this type.

—Will the Colorado River be led directly to the Pacific Ocean? The shortage of water in Southern California has suggested the remarkable project of leading the waters of the Colorado across deserts and mountains to Los Angeles.

—Moving pictures by radio? Not yet. But a step farther in this direction is had in the fact that pictures are now sent by radio across the Atlantic from London to New York for publication in the newspapers.

“APPLIED SCIENCE”

—Now is a good time to buy thermometers,—they are lower in winter.

—A lamb is changed into a goat,—in Wall Street.

—“Plants” suffer,—when business is lax and taxes are high.

—The “cross word” puzzle in most families is—who started it?

—An exchange states that the fauna of Panama includes the fringe-lipped vampire, the grison, tayra, kinkajou, bassaricyon, coati, manigard, agouti, paca, and jagouarundi!

—A mixture of tin and brass will produce a “road hog.”

—The time saving devices have made modern civilization still more hurried.

—The midnight oil is often burned in the “lizzie” and not in the lamp.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—The Jesuits of the Missouri Province are getting so many novices that they find it necessary to establish within the Province a second novitiate.

—A one-day retreat for altar boys was held at Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, on December 3rd. Eighty-nine altar boys attended from twenty-seven parishes.

—The Catholic Church Extension Society has again appropriated a sum of money, \$6,000, for the next year's schooling of forty boys at the seminary of the Theatine Fathers on the Island of Mallorca, Spain. These boys are preparing to labor as priests among the Mexicans in Colorado, Arizona, and other states of the southwest. The Theatine Fathers have several missions in that territory.

—At Strathmore, near Montreal, Sister Marie Leopold, a Sister of Notre Dame, fell beneath a moving train, from which she had just alighted. Both of her feet were amputated; but hopes are held out for her recovery.

—In mid-December Rt. Rev. E. F. Hoban, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, conferred tonsure and the minor orders on forty-eight religious. Of these twenty-six were members of the Society of the Divine Word, sixteen were Passionists, and seven Benedictines.

—Twelve converts, mostly university students, were received into the Church at the University of Illinois by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, who preached the sermon and gave the neophytes their first Holy Communion. There is a chapel at the University for the 800 Catholic students who are in attendance. Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., is chaplain to the Catholic students.

—The Jews of Cleveland recently dedicated their new million-dollar temple. At their urgent request Bishop Schrembs addressed them in December in his forceful and eloquent style on “Citizenship, its Rights and Duties.” The Bishop was enthusiastically received, as was also his inspiring address.

—The sacrament of Confirmation was administered recently in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia to thirty-two prisoners. The sponsors were thirty-two prominent Catholic laymen of Philadelphia, who promised to visit those for whom they stood and to find jobs for them after their release.

—The 250th anniversary of the landing of Father Marquette, where Chicago now stands, was celebrated in December. Father Marquette spent the winter of 1674 there on the shores of Lake Michigan.

—In his pastoral for Advent, Cardinal Bourne of Westminster calls for more priests. "In every large parish," he says, "additional priests might be employed almost exclusively in the instruction and reception of converts." The trend is towards the Church. If the Anglicans cannot agree to return in a body, they are caught individually by a current which is irresistible.

—In 1868 North Carolina became a Vicariate-Apostolic with the Rt. Rev. James Gibbons (later Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore) as its first Vicar-Apostolic. The Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., D. D., Abbot-Ordinary of Belmont Abbey, who died July 24, 1924, was the fourth and last Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. Raleigh, the capital of the state, has now been erected into a diocese, which comprises the whole state, except eight counties that are under the jurisdiction of Belmont Abbey, which in 1910 was raised to the dignity of an *Abbatia nullius*.

—The village of Area, near Chicago, where the new archdiocesan theological seminary is nearing completion, has been renamed "Mundelein," as a compliment to the Cardinal Archbishop of the great metropolis. His Eminence has probably done more than anyone else towards the upbuilding of this village.

—St. Augustine's Church, Louisville, Kentucky, a congregation of colored Catholics, has just received as pastor, Rev. Joseph A. Johns, a priest of its own race.

—Rev. Louis Unger, of Lorain, Ohio, has worked out a new systematic calendar that divides the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days each. By this arrangement the feast of All Saints and that of the Immaculate Conception would always fall on Sunday.

—Ohio is also offering to the world another universal language, which is called *Ido*. Rev. F. L. Odenback, S. J., of John Carroll University, is the inventor. According to report, *Ido* may be learned in a few months. The English alphabet is employed; each letter has but one sound, and the spelling is phonetic. Furthermore, each word has but one definite meaning, and there are only twenty grammatical endings to be learned. The vocabulary of the new language is not very extensive, as it has but 10,000 root words, which, together with seventy-five suffixes, will make about 30,000 words. The words themselves all come from the living cultured languages. *Exeat Esperanto, e. i. p.!*

—The million-dollar Catholic High School for boys, built at Evansville, Indiana, through the munificence of Francis Joseph Reitz, was solemnly dedicated on New Year's Day by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis. The ceremony of dedication was followed by a Solemn High Mass in the great auditorium of the new school. Immediately after the Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop invested the magnanimous donor, Mr. Reitz, with the insignia of the Order of a Knight-Commander of the Order of Pius IX, the highest papal honor that can be bestowed upon a layman. This great honor was conferred upon Mr. Reitz by the Holy Father because of the former's many generous benefactions in the cause of religion.

—Mr. Joseph Gummersbach, K. S. G., president of the B. Herder Book Company, at St. Louis, died on December 27th at the age of eighty in West Palm Beach, Florida, whither he had gone in search of health. The deceased had been president also of the *Amerika*, a German daily that was formerly published at St. Louis.

—Rt. Rev. Joseph Biermans, for twenty-eight years a missionary among the Negroes of the Uganda, in Africa, was recently made Superior General of the Society of St. Joseph, Mill Hill, England. Bishop Biermans is a Hollander by birth. The Catholics of his native country are raising a fund for the establishment of a seminary for Negro priests and a novitiate for Negro Sisters in Uganda.

—A Florida man, who died recently, made an unusual bequest. He set aside by will the sum of \$2700 to provide for the publication, in weekly instalments in the *Tampa Daily Times*, of three books of Catholic doctrine: "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons; "God and Myself," by Rev. Martin Scott, S. J., and "The Prince of the Apostles." He made this provision, as he states, "in the hope and belief that the publication of the books I herein designate may produce harmony and good will among our Catholic people and their non-Catholic friends."

BENEDICTINE

—Rev. Clemens Hegglin, O. S. B., for seventy-eight years a professed member of the Abbey of Einsiedeln, Switzerland, died on November 24th at the ripe old age of ninety-seven, and in the seventy-fifth year of his priesthood. Father Clemens was a priest before the first pioneers set out from Einsiedeln for America to establish in the new world a branch community, which was eventually called "St. Meinrad," in honor of their glorious patron whose humble hermitage on Mt. Etzel had been replaced by a renowned abbey and had attracted pilgrims for a thousand years.

—It is reported that the ancient abbey of St. Giustina, in Italy, founded in the ninth century, has been given back to the Benedictines. In 1810 Napoleon confiscated the property.

—The Rt. Rev. Erkenwald Egan, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Augustine Abbey, Ramsgate, England, and Very Rev. Dom Columba Swanson, O. S. B., Subprior of the same abbey, passed the fiftieth anniversary of their religious profession on October 12th. Very Rev. Dom Anselm Fox, O. S. B., Prior of the Abbey, who made his profession on November 13, 1861, was a former professor of the jubilarians.

—The new diocese of Lancaster, in England, has been filled by the appointment of the Rev. Dom Weston Pearson, O. S. B., prior of Ealing, London, as its first bishop.

—Rev. Dom James Joseph Matthews, O. S. B., who is said to be the first English Benedictine since the Reformation to take a degree at Oxford, has been elected Abbot of Ampleforth Abbey to succeed the lately deceased Abbot Smith.

Playing Up

To the immortal Shakespeare we are indebted for the oft-quoted lines:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in this time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."

(As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7.)

The curtain rises at birth, and falls at death. During that interval, a mere span of years, we must play our God-given part. Whether ours be a prominent rôle, or a minor part, matters little; it must fit in with those of our fellow men to form one harmonious whole. Upon the performance of our part in life depends our weal or woe for eternity. We always have an audience, and merit their applause or jeers according to our manner of acquitting ourselves, whether well or ill. Most of us need the advice of the royal Dane: "Suit the action to the word," for our actions are in sad disharmony with our words. We profess the true faith, but we are so slow to translate our belief into action. "The just man liveth by faith," the Apostle tells us. Indeed, to be just we must *live our faith*.

In a recent number of "Der Eucharistische Voelkerbund," under the caption, "You Live Your Faith," J. L. A., S. J., calls attention to this void or disagreement in the lives of so many Catholics of our day. He says: "There are Catholics who are orthodox in belief, but heretical in practice. These practical 'Catholic' heretics are the greatest stumbling block to non-Catholics. For we find Catholics who do not practice their religion, who do not approach the sacraments, do not go to church, but exteriorly keep up the appearance of morality and decency. Such are no good recommendation for holy Church. Then there are so-called practical Catholics who perform their Easter duty, but do not observe Sunday and Friday, or whose life contradicts their faith. Such do not deserve to be called practical Catholics, for they are such only in theory—on the Baptismal Register.

The reformers taught that faith is the principal thing, good works are secondary. Their followers today go to the opposite extreme and say, it matters little what you believe, the principal thing is that you be a respectable, honest man. But they do not agree in defining just what is meant by a respectable man. They delight in comparing good non-Catholics with bad Catholics. This is a great injustice. We do not compare bad apples with good turnips, nor rotten eggs with sound potatoes. Neither should we compare the outrages committed by an opposing army with the deeds of valor performed by the opposite side. Do not to another what you would hate to have done to you by another. Our enemies know us only from the dark side....The point at issue is, not to ascertain who has caused this distorted, one-sided view, but who will be the first to offer the glad hand of peace and look into the others' eyes with a smiling countenance.

At a peace conference an Englishman, Oliver Dryer, paraphrased the Our Father in the following significant words: "Forgive us our blockades, as we forgive the U-boats and Zeppelins, and lead us not into the temptation of another war, but deliver us from that evil." Prejudice, distrust, uncharitableness, if not open hate, are the principal hindrances to peace among the nations, sects, and religions; and the greatest of these three is the lack of charity. If we make advances in charity prejudice will vanish and confidence be restored. We cannot compromise in matters of faith. In such matters we cannot meet half way, but our charity should urge us to go the entire way and knock modestly at the closed door. Next to our love of God, the love of immortal souls should incite us to live according to our faith, to present our doctrine in the dress of a virtuous life, to recommend holiness of doctrine by holiness of life. The least that we can demand is that one who lives in a glass house should not throw stones, and if we wish to sweep before another's door, that we first sweep our own steps, and that, too, from the top down."

Then, to substantiate his words by deeds, the author adduces an example to prove his point. He writes: "In February of 1920 a terrific snowstorm put the street cars out of operation for two weeks in New York. On the shore of New Jersey the storm had spent its fury. I was conducting a mission at B. One morning we had to climb out of the window of the rectory in order to get to church, because of the snowdrift before the door. Everybody had to shovel snow. While engaged in this work, an aged lady came wading through the deep snow. She offered for sale some needles and thread. We knew this form of beggary. The pastor invited her into a warm room, and as she had not partaken of either breakfast or dinner, the table was set for her in an adjoining room where she partook of it alone. After the repast, when she wished to thank her host, he gave back her wares, besides a gift of money from the priests, and, what is worth more than money, cheering words of comfort. With tear-bedimmed eyes and faltering voice the aged lady spoke in terms that betrayed her education: "Reverend Fathers, I have knocked at many a door today, and sold a few articles and received a little money. I knocked at the door of various ministers, but each inquired as to my religion and then referred me to the minister of my sect. But my sect has no church here. Then I came here. You did not inquire as to my religion, but as to my bodily wants. You have relieved them. And a warm room and warm heart have to some extent relieved my hunger for love. When I come to die, and that will not be far distant, I shall think of you, and shall know to what church to send for the last consolations of religion. You have not only taught your religion, *you live it*."—P.

There is no sign of lukewarmness more unerring than becoming thoughtless about the Blessed Sacrament, and letting it grow common to us without feeling it.—Faber.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—The second month of the new year has begun. The pleasures of winter will not last much longer and the delicate flowers of spring will soon be here.

February second is popularly known as ground hog day. On this day the furry little animal is supposed to come out of his hole in the ground to see if he can see his shadow. If the sun is shining, he is said to go back for another sleep of six weeks, for the winter should last that much longer. "If Candlemas day be pleasant and fair, there will be two winters in that year," is a familiar old saying, but you don't need to believe it unless you want to.

But February 2nd means more to Catholics than ground hog day, for on that day the Church blesses her supply of candles for the year. And besides this, it is the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By the law of Moses, after the birth of a child, the mother had to bring to the priest a lamb for a holocaust or sacrifice, also a young pigeon or a turtle dove as an offering for sin. In this as in all other things our Blessed Lady, by obeying the law, has set an example that we should always be ready to follow—obedience to the law. (See picture on front cover.)

On the third day of the month the Church calls our attention to the feast of St. Blaise. On this day she blesses the throats of the faithful and asks the saint to obtain by his intercession that all who receive this blessing may be preserved throughout the year from ills of the throat.

St. Agatha, virgin and martyr, is invoked on the fifth for preservation from fire. On the tenth occurs St. Scholastica, the twin sister of St. Benedict. Like her renowned brother, this saint was also at the head of a religious community. St. Scholastica died about 543, nearly 1400 years ago. The Benedictine Sisters, who follow the very same rule as she did, have many houses both in Europe and in the United States. They are on the missions, have charge of hospitals, orphanages, parochial schools, high schools, and colleges for girls and young women.

Another saint of the month, who is more popular than honored by religion, is St. Valentine. The saint surely cannot feel flattered, nor can his glory be increased, by the exchange of ridiculous valentines with their silly verses, which are often very insulting.

St. Matthias, apostle and martyr, is celebrated on the 24th.

Ash Wednesday, which is the beginning of Lent, a season of prayer and penance, falls on February 25th. How many of our Boys and Girls are going to do penance by making some little sacrifices this year? They might abstain from candy all, or at least part of the time, they could keep away from the ordinary shows at the movies. There are many other pleasures too that they might deny themselves so as to have a little extra money for the missions or for other good purposes. The tongue could be bridled occasionally also by not permitting it to talk so much unnecessarily, a little more time could be very profitably spent in prayer, an extra visit could be made to the Blessed Sacra-

ment. Many who do not do so now could attend Mass and receive Holy Communion every morning. There is scarcely an end to the many little things that might be done out of mortification. Everything that is done with a good intention, no matter how small it is, whether it be the picking up of a piece of paper from the floor, the performance of a little errand through obedience or charity, the leaving unsaid of an unkind word, and hundreds of other little things, all become good works that merit heaven. Remember, it is the little things that count. If you are faithful in little things, you will also be faithful in those that are greater, but if you are unfaithful in little things, the chances are that you will also be unfaithful in those that are greater. Don't forget your good intention in the morning; often renew it during the day. At every action that you perform you might say: "My Jesus, for the love of Thee," or, "My God, for Thy greater honor and glory." Spend your Lent well and you will please God and have a happy Easter.

Tobias, a Story in 5 Parts, for Children

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

5. Father and Son Praise God

Seven days had lapsed when Sara
With her wedding presents came:
Cattle, camels, servants, money—
All too numerous to name.

Toby then the deeds recounted
Of his guide along the way.
Now when half of all the presents
They would give him as his pay,

"I am Raphael," he told them,
"Of the Angels round God's throne,
Where I offered up as incense
All thy prayers and mercy shown.

"To free Sara from the demon,
And to heal thy blinded eyes
Was I sent,—my mission over,
I soar up into the skies."

Seized with fear and trembling, prostrate
On their faces they adored,
Then rose up to publish loudly
All the mercies of the Lord.

Till a ripe old age lived Toby
And of blessings felt no dearth;
Since his parents e'er he honored
He lived long and well on earth.

Now my tale, dear friends, is ended,
And I make this one request:
Imitate the young Tobias,
And like him will you be blest.

A Strange Occurrence

BERNARD KRAUS, O. S. B.

"What is the prize, Harry?"

"Two-hundred dollars, mother—and I intend to win it!"

A loving smile lit up the wan face of the invalid.

"You have your father's determination, dear, and I hope you win. The money would come as a God-send, and Lucy could continue her studies. I will pray that God will help you."

"It surely will help us, mother, in every way."

He did not tell her that the last dollar had been spent that very morning to buy food. The salary he received as clerk in a dry-goods store was scarcely enough to keep the proverbial wolf from the door.

His sketch was not quite finished, and the essay had to be in the hands of the judges within two days. Nevertheless, he felt hopeful and determined.

"Good night, mother," he said.

"Good night—Don't stay up too long."

Harry did not see the cold shudder of anxiety which shook her gentle frame as he softly closed the door and went to his room.

"It's only a matter of time," he murmured, picking up his sketch. "If the contest were only a week later! I'll finish the sketch tonight. Tomorrow I'll try to write the essay and give it to the judges day after tomorrow."

He worked diligently until the clock struck eleven, then blew out the lamp, and took his much-needed rest.

* * * * *

"Six-thirty!—I'll be late again!—I never felt so tired before!" As proof of his mental remark he stretched and yawned several times. He dressed hurriedly and hastened to the kitchen. Lucy noted his anxious look and made no remark about his tardiness. She trusted in her brother implicitly.

"Good morning, Lucy. Why, you've prepared a breakfast fit for a king," he remarked approvingly, surveying the scanty but well-prepared food.

"That's whom I made it for," she replied with eleven-year-old naïveté, smiling gratefully.

Harry had looked on Lucy as a little chum ever since she had been able to toddle. Their mutual affection had increased and strengthened day by day. Since their father's death, she looked upon him as a big-hearted, protecting brother, which indeed he was, whereas he regarded her as his loving little charge.

He took a hasty breakfast, after which he hurriedly departed, not forgetting, however, to kiss his sister affectionately. He hastened to the store, but arrived there twenty minutes late.

The floor-walker disliked the frank, open face of the boy.—Perhaps because he himself possessed just the opposite disposition.

"Late again! That's the second time this week! You know what that means!" he began.

His loud voice attracted the attention of Mr. Claybourne, the proprietor, who arrived rather unexpectedly just then. The floor-walker blusteringly explained the cause of his "righteous indignation."

Mr. Claybourne knew that no bond of sympathy existed between Mr. Fane and Harry, so "Come to my office," he said to Harry.

Harry complied.

"I hope the boss gives him a good bawling out and then bounces him." And with this charitable reflection the floor-walker continued his duties, smiling maliciously as the two passed into the private office.

"How often have you come late?"

"This is my second offence, Mr. Claybourne, but I shall be very careful that it will not happen again. I was up rather late the last two nights and felt very tired this morning."

"Late, Harry? Did your mother take a turn for the worse?" He knew Harry's circumstances and sincerely loved the manly boy.

"No; the doctor has hopes for her recovery, but—" and he explained.

"Well, well," smiled his employer, "it would be too bad if you were to lose out on account of time. Go home now and work on your essay.—Your pay will not be affected by this absence."

Harry was overjoyed. He thanked Mr. Claybourne sincerely, and hastily donning his coat and cap, left the store much to the delight of the floor-walker who thought he left for other reasons. He rushed home, and, after a hurried explanation to his mother and Lucy, hastened to his work.

"Where did I put my sketch?" he asked himself rather anxiously, "I'm sure I put it here." And he began a thorough search. Chancing to look towards his waste basket, he espied some crumpled paper which looked suspiciously like his manuscript. He took the sheets and carefully smoothed them out.

"I can't understand—"

A rap at the door interrupted his thoughts.

"What's this, Harry?" asked Lucy, entering, "I found it under your bed this morning."

She gave him ten closely written sheets. Harry looked at them a few moments and became dizzy. Lucy, alarmed, ran to him as he sank on the chair for support.

"Close the door, Lucy—don't disturb mother."

"Are you sick, Harry?" she asked with tearful solicitude, complying with his request.

"No, I'm all right, Lucy;—yes, I'm all right," he repeated, as he noted her look of incredulity. "Let me think!"

Finally he sat upright. "Lucy!" His tone was unexpectedly sharp. "Whose writing is this?" he demanded.

"It seems to be yours; but it's almost to even. You write with more of a slant."

"You are right, Lucy," he agreed. "Do you think I might have written this?"

"Maybe, Harry. It looks as though the one who wrote it went about his work very slowly and carefully,—really, Harry, as though he copied from some other paper, because, you see, nothing is crossed out."

"Sit down, Lucy; I want to tell you something."

Lucy sat down and listened attentively to his every word.

"I was tired this morning," he said, almost to himself, "very tired. I never felt that way before. Night before last I was up till twelve and didn't feel any ill effects yesterday morning. Last night I went to bed at eleven and arose rather late this morning with a dull pain in my head."

"I wanted to go up and wake you," Lucy interjected, "but I thought you didn't have to be at the store so early this morning, so I let you rest."

"I had a peculiar dream during the night," Harry went on, not appearing to notice the interruption, "I dreamt I was working on my essay. I had finished the sketch before I retired. While I was writing, every word came just as I wanted it. Several sentences, especially, which I had in my mind but could not express very well that day, just flowed from my pen."

The little girl did not grasp all he said, but she got the gist of it.—That was sufficient. As for Harry, he seemingly forgot the existence of his little listener. He spoke as though soliloquizing with himself.

"I wrote and wrote," he continued, "and I didn't feel any strain. I worked several hours, and finally finished the essay. Some of the sentences which I remembered, I jotted down in my loose-leaf book as I went down to the store this morning. Here are a few more which I wrote as I returned."

Harry's face was flushed. He spoke hurriedly. "I
(Continued on page 467)

Going to School

(A story for the Tiny Tots)

Once upon a time there was a little, little boy who was no bigger than a bee, and where do you think he lived? Well, of all the funny places! He lived in a bird house. One day this little, little boy said, "I want to go to school."

He took his pretty little red book under his arm and started down the road. He walked, and walked until he met a cat, and he said to the cat, "Do you know where I am going? I am going to school."

The cat said, "I am glad to hear that. I, too, am going to school. Let us go together. The little red hen is our teacher."

And the cat and the little boy walked down the road together. Soon they met a dog, and the little boy said, "Do you know where we are going? We are going to school."

The dog replied, "I, too, am going to school. Come along with me. The little red hen is our teacher."

The little boy and the cat and the dog walked down the road together until they met a cow.

"Cow, do you know where we are going?" said the little boy, "We are going to school." The cow answered, "Come with me, I, too, am going to school. The little red hen is our teacher."

The little boy, the cat, the dog, and the cow walked down the road together until they met a duck.

"Duck, do you know where we are going? We are going to school."

The Duck said, "I too, am going to school. Come with me. The little red hen is our teacher."

And the little boy, the cat, the dog, the cow, and the duck walked down the road together. They walked and walked until they met a pig. The pig said, "Ugh, ugh, ugh."

The little boy said, "Pig, do you know where we are going? We are going to school."

The pig said, "Come along with me. I, too, am going to school. The little red hen is our teacher."

And the little boy, the cat, the dog, the cow, the duck and the pig walked down the road until they met an elephant.

The little boy said to the elephant, "Elephant, where do you think we are going? We are going to school."

The elephant said, "I am going to school. Come along with me. The little red hen is our teacher."

They all walked down the road until they came to the little red hen and the little boy said, "Red Hen, we have come to school."

The little red hen said, "Little boy, no bigger than a bee, what do you want to learn?"

The little boy said, "I want to read about Little Bo Peep that lost her sheep and couldn't tell where to find them. The story is in my little red book."

The little red hen laughed, and laughed, and laughed, and said "Cut-cut-cut-cut-ca-da-cut. You do not belong in my school. I can't teach you to read about Little Bo Peep because I can't read that story myself. You belong in that big, big schoolhouse where the teacher knows how to read. Who will take this little boy no bigger than a bee to his own big, big schoolhouse?"

And the cat said, "I will," and the dog said, "I will," and the cow said, "I will," and the duck said, "I will," and the pig said, "No, I will." The elephant said, "No, I will."

But the little red hen said, "You may all take the little boy to his schoolhouse, and I will go too."

And all the animals went to the schoolhouse, and rapped on the door, and the teacher said, "Good morning! I am glad to see you!"

The little boy said, "I would like to learn to read the story of Little Bo Peep who lost her sheep and couldn't tell where to find them. The story is in my little red

book." And the teacher said, "Very well, little boy. I shall be glad to show you how. You may take this seat which is just your size, and your friends may wait for you in the schoolyard if they like."

And that is the way the little boy who was no bigger than a bee, went to school to learn how to read.

God's Priest

(Dedicated to Rev. Joseph A. Murray)

A heart of flame, a soul on fire,
A burning thirst of great desire;
A friend in need, a life of deed,
A hand that will the poorest feed.
A mind all pure that can endure
The test of controversy sure;
A spotless name, a word of blame
For those who would his Church defame.
A mind upright, an eye alight
That shines with zeal for God and right;
A heart of steel that bears the seal
Of Him whose love naught can conceal.

Agnes Lucy Meehan.

The Baby who had a Donkey Ride

When the little Baby Jesus, who was born in Bethlehem, was yet very small, He went for a long, long ride on a donkey. The Wise Men had gone to King Herod and asked him where they could find this Baby, who was born King of the Jews. Herod, who was a wicked king, hearing that there was a newborn King of the Jews, feared he might lose his throne. For this reason he asked the Wise Men to return and tell him where the new King was that he, too, might go and adore Him. But he really wanted to kill the little child for fear he might lose his throne.

But God gave the Wise Men to understand that they should go back another way so that the wicked Herod would not know where the Infant Jesus was. An Angel then told St. Joseph in a dream to take the Child and His Mother and go into Egypt, for Herod wanted to put this newborn king to death.

St. Joseph did as the Angel told him. Taking what he needed for the journey, he placed the Blessed Virgin and the Child on a donkey. It was a long, weary journey, and a sad journey, too, for St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother knew that they were going away from home and friends to save their Child from death. The feast of the Flight into Egypt is observed in the Catholic Church on February 17.

When the Wise Men did not return as he had told them, Herod was very angry and he sent men to Bethlehem to kill every boy baby who was less than two years of age. He thought that in this way he would surely succeed in killing the Babe who was said to be a King.

Herod died a terrible death not long after this, and then the Angel told St. Joseph to return home.

Letter Box

(All communications for this department should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Mary De Clerk, of 8090 W. 3rd St., Kewanee, Ill., after reading "The Grail" for over four years has just summed up enough courage to ask admission into the "Corner." Of course she is welcome, so are all others who signify their intention with pen and ink or type-writer.

"Kewanee is a city of prosperity and progress, with a population of about 20,000. It holds a place of prominence on the State Road, Route 28, affording a hard road to Galesburg on the West and Princeton on the East.

"K. is a city of beautiful homes, schools, and churches. We have four Catholic churches, two Catholic grade schools, and one Catholic high school.

"Parks and playgrounds are within the reach of every child. We have three swimming pools, one of which is the second largest in the United States.

"K. is a typically industrial city with long-established plants that give employment to a large number of people."

Mary Agnes Christianson, of 128 E. 8th St., Mishawaka, Ind., has written now for the second time. "I am in the seventh grade at St. Joseph's School," she writes. "I have received one correspondent through 'The Grail' and should like to hear from other Cornerites.... Won't some Indiana Hoosier girl write to me?"

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading "The Grail" for a long time. I would like to join the "Corner" and have some of the children correspond with me. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. South Bend is a nice place.

There was no name signed to this letter. Hence, the desire for correspondents cannot be satisfied this time.

Josephine Van De Walle, of 2006 S. Miami, South Bend, Ind., who has been reading "The Grail" right along, sends the "Corner" the following yell:

Strawberry shortcake,
Huckleberry pie,
V-i-c-t-o-r-y!
Are we in it?
Yes, we are!
Grail! Grail! Grail!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Mary E. Riley, whose address is 764 Dwight St., Holyoke, Mass., writes to ask admission into the "Corner." She admits that she too has been reading "The Grail" for a long time but was too timid to write.

"I am fifteen, and a freshman at the Holyoke High School," she says.

"Holyoke is not a very large city. Many of you know it as the 'Paper City.' We have many paper mills here, all in one section of the town. Walking away from that district, you come to some picturesque scenes. In the distance you can see the purple-tinged mountains and the blue sky meeting. In winter we can slide on skis down the mountain side." The letter closes with the wish expressed that some of the "Cornerites" write her. She promises to answer all letters.

Catherine Osborn, a girl of 12, who lives at South Milwaukee, Wis., says: "We have been taking 'The Grail' for about six months and enjoy it very much. I would like to belong to the 'Corner' if I may. I attend St. Mary's School and go for a vacation every summer. I should like very much to receive letters from other girls who are my age."

Catherine Murray, of 194 First Ave., Woonsocket, R. I., also asks admission into the "Corner." She tells us that she reads "The Grail" every month and finds it very interesting. Her twelfth birthday occurs on March 26, 1925. Her height is four feet two inches, and her hair is a light auburn. "When my playmates get angry with me they call me 'Red Head.' I am in the seventh grade at the Fifth Avenue school. I belong to the Sacred Heart Church. Woonsocket isn't a very big city so I can't tell you much about it. Just the same I would never want to leave it. I am the youngest in the family. My sister was fourteen years old in January, but she is small for her age. My brother is seventeen. He is in his third year at La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.... Hoping to read my letter in 'The

Grail,' I remain, with best wishes for the New Year, your new friend, C. M."

Cecilia M. McGrath, of 1113 E. Monroe St., Springfield, Ill., who is fourteen, and a freshman at high school, wrote as follows on

AN IDEAL CATHOLIC GIRL

When I read in "the Grail" that the subject of the contest letters for January was "An Ideal Catholic Girl," I decided to write, as I know the "best girl living." She is a good, loving, pious, and conscientious girl with a sweet and even temper. Indeed it is her sweet temper which makes everyone love her and look up to her as I do. She is kind to everyone, but does not always agree with them, but tells them gently, oh, so gently, that this or that thing is "not quite right or 'not very nice,'" as she puts it. She would do anything that is right for others and even put herself out to help other people, and above all, she would never do or say anything about another that she would not want done to or said about herself. Of course she has her own particular friends, but would consider it the meanest kind of a thing to let it be known either by word or action her particular friend, when she is with other girls. The readers of my letter must not think it is easy for this girl to be patient and gentle because everyone loves her and she has everything she can desire, for this is not so. She is by no means wealthy and is denied many things which other girls of her age have, and one thing above all, her mother died not so very recently, but when this girl was younger and needed her most. Besides this, my dear friend is not very bright in regard to her studies, but she studies very diligently during her spare time to try to deserve the money her hard working father is spending for her education. But with all her trials and troubles, she never fusses or gets angry, but prays and thinks that some day things will look brighter.

As my letter is getting rather long I will close soon. Even now I am thinking whether I described my friend as she really is, and the answer is "no." I do not think that any author ever could picture my loving little companion as she is to me, and to all that know her as I do.

Trusting that some day the readers of my letter will meet my friend, and see her for themselves, I close,

Remaining your friend,

Cecilia M. McGrath.

Louise Murphy, of 1017 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Ia., writes as follows: "Dear Aunt Agnes—I am a newcomer and desire to become a Cornerite. Your 'Corner' is a jolly good corner, so full of interesting tales. We have received only one issue of 'The Grail' as my mother has just recently subscribed. I was so pleased with it I could not refrain from writing. I am thirteen and a freshman in high school. I go to St. Joseph's Academy, a boarding school, although I am one of the many day scholars. I would love to hear from some of the Cornerites about my age. I will gladly answer all letters."

Jack and Lucy, whose picture appeared in "The Grail" for January, live in your city, Louise, but we presume you have never met them.

Angela Kovall, who receives her mail at Box 407, Ely, Minn., writes that they are having very cold weather this winter. "As it is 30 or 35 degrees below zero, and not being able to go out, I thought I'd drop a few lines to the 'Corner.' The wind surely makes our cheeks rosy. The brisk weather makes us healthy children.—Will Olga Piergrossi please write to me? I lost her address. I should like to have more of the members of the 'Corner' write to me.—I wish to see my letter in print. Best wishes to all for the new year."

Another letter comes from Mary Goncalves, whose address is R F D 1, Box 337, Rivera, Calif. She says that she is "getting more and more interested in 'The Grail,' especially the 'Children's Corner.'" Thus far she has heard from two girls. She would like to receive letters from others too. "Well, Cousins," she says in concluding, "let's have some 'pep'."

Another California cousin, who lives at 2111, 13th Avenue, Oakland, Thelma Gross, "pens" us a letter with her pencil. It seemed to require some courage to make the attempt. "California," she writes, "is a beautiful state. We don't have snow or lightning, but we have plenty of rain." Thelma is twelve years old. She would like to receive letters from other Cornerites, and she promises to answer all the letters she receives.

Letters from the boys are so rare that they are almost a cause for a "sure enough" surprise. Here is one from Jack Jewell, who lives at Hastings-on-Hudson, 1 Edmarth Place, N. Y. Addressing his letter to Aunt Agnes, he says: "I have been reading 'The Grail' for six months and have seen very few, if any letters at all from the boys. I do wish they would become more friendly and step forward—I wish to be admitted to the 'Corner' and correspond with other Cornerites.—The village in which I live, is situated on the banks of the Hudson, which was described recently by one of the Cornerites from Yonkers, which is four miles below Hastings.—I go to Fordham Prep. and find my work pretty hard."

Let us hear from more of the boys. Let us get acquainted with each other. The better we become acquainted, the more interesting the "Corner" will become.

"Dear Aunt Agnes," writes Anna Vrabel, of 7 Quarry Street, North Braddock, Pa., "You're pep, you're pep; you've got it, now keep it; don't lose it, you're pep, you're pep! This is the yell at our football games. Don't you think the yell would do just as well for the 'Corner,' if we had the pep? They say boys have the pep. Well, I don't see any of it in this 'Corner.' What's the matter, boys? Come on, show your pep; don't let the girls do it all. What do you say to it, girls? Here's hoping that in due time our 'Corner' will be as peppy as a good football game.

"Now I will tell you something about the town I live in. North Braddock is considered a country town by strangers. I would not call it that, for it has large schools and steel mills. It is situated about ten miles from Pittsburgh and about half a mile from the home of the great broadcasting station KDKA. The population is about 6,000.—In closing, I wish to express the sincere hope that the 'Corner' gets peppy."

Shine Just Where Your Are

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel's wings.
Don't spurn to be a rushlight
Because you are not a star,
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
The darkest regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining just where you are.

John Hay.

The Mark Remains

There is a story, but whether or not it is true, I cannot say, of a father who told his son to drive a nail in the woodshed for every wrong deed he committed. Very soon there were many nails to be seen in the woodshed, and the boy began to feel ashamed. He told his father that he did not like the appearance of the nails in the woodshed. His father then told him that for each act of obedience, and for each kind word, he should draw out one nail.

One day the boy called his father to draw out the last nail. "I feel so much better, father," he said, "but the marks are still there." "And so it is with evil deeds," said the father. "They leave marks that linger long upon our lives. We should try to escape not only the wounds but the scars that are left after the wounds are healed, and the only way to do this is to escape the wounds by doing good and by avoiding evil."

Communion

O dawn-drop clear!
The white-winged cloud with Thee
Holds not closer sympathy,
Than Thou with me.
As in Thy limpid breast
The love-flushed heaven glows,
So in my heart to rest,
A deeper Heaven goes.

Austin Gerardy, in *St. John's Record*.

Picture Puzzle

The Puzzle Picture for January was taken from the Book of Judges, chapter 4, verse 21, where you will find that Jahel drove a nail through the head of Sisera in her tent.

The Picture Puzzle for February is likewise taken from the Book of Judges. After you have worked out the meaning, see if you can find it in chapter 11.

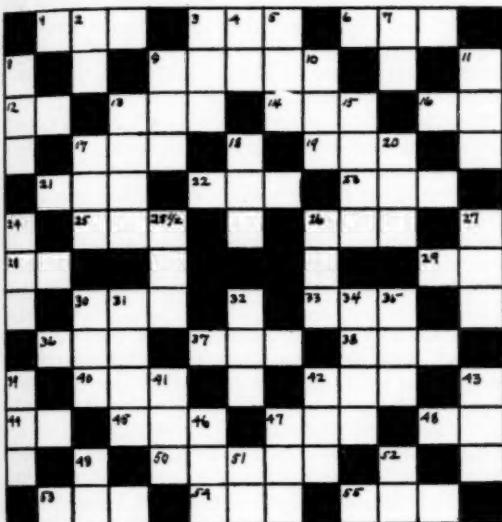


Cross Word Puzzle

Since Cross Word Puzzles have become so popular of late, we hope to make them a feature of the "Corner" also.

Directions for solving the Cross Word Puzzle:

A letter is to be placed in each of the blank squares to form words that will read either horizontally or vertically or both. Begin the words at the numbered squares, using as a clue the definitions and synonyms given below. Take your pencil and try it. The correct solution will appear in the next number of THE GRAIL.



Horizontal

- 1—A floor covering
- 2—A large open vessel
- 3—A large ostrich-like bird
- 4—A drunkard
- 5—Belonging to
- 6—A small drinking vessel
- 7—A black sticky liquid
- 8—To perform
- 9—Application of knowledge or skill
- 10—To place
- 11—A long time
- 12—To bow the head
- 13—Past of dig
- 14—To possess
- 15—A lower limb
- 16—Inside of
- 17—A prefix meaning not
- 18—Evening
- 19—A small flap
- 20—To be obliged for
- 21—A small industrious insect
- 22—A marsh
- 23—To fall into error
- 24—Large body of salt-water
- 25—Upon
- 26—An evergreen tree
- 27—Fast of get

Vertical

- 1—Forenoon (abbr.)
- 2—Highest part
- 3—Opposed to down
- 4—To wager
- 5—A child's word for mother
- 6—An implement for washing floors
- 7—Hush!
- 8—To strike sharply
- 9—To take away by force
- 10—A company of sailors
- 11—Uncouth
- 12—Gone by
- 13—A plaything
- 14—To pull with effort
- 15—To plunge into
- 16—He built an ark
- 17—Past of light
- 18—Metal in native state
- 19—A female sheep
- 20—Exceedingly
- 21—One of an indefinite number
- 22—To incite, support
- 23—A large snake
- 24—To memorize
- 25—A silk or wool fabric
- 26—Past of sit
- 27—Opposed to beginning
- 28—A road

- 48—Indefinite article
- 49—A liquid for preserving wood
- 50—A male child
- 51—A personal pronoun
- 52—Definite article

- 47—A large S. African antelope
- 48—To proceed
- 49—Exclamation of joy
- 50—Exclamation of surprise

"Exchange" Smiles

"Jasper," asked the teacher, who was examining the class in history, "what celebrated Pole distinguished himself during the American Revolution?"

"Liberty pole, Sir!" replied Jasper to the great amusement of his classmates.

"Rastus, dat baby of yours shuah am a puhfect image of his daddy."

"He shuah am. Dat boy is a reg-lah cahbon copy of me, sah."

Little Lucy was away on a visit. Her mama told her to write to papa and not forget to send him a kiss. "Dear Papa," ran the conclusion of the letter, "I would send you a kiss, but I have been eating onions."

Maurice aged six—"Mama, does 'interrupt' mean, when I'm talkin' an' you butt in?"

A Strange Occurrence

(Continued from page 463)

saw some of those very expressions now as I glanced through these papers."

A light was dawning on Lucy's mind. "So you must have written this in your sleep!" she concluded.

That would be the only explanation that I could give. But how it happened, I don't know. All I do know is that I felt very tired this morning, and I feel now as if I could sleep for hours."

Harry was beginning to regain his composure to some extent.

"Let's tell mother the wonderful news," suggested Lucy.

Harry approved, and both went to the invalid's bed.

"And, mother, the impression was so vivid this morning," he concluded after he had told her the story, "that I wrote several sentences which I compared with the papers Lucy found, and saw that they were exactly the same."

His mother was highly pleased. At her request Harry read the essay, which she, as, of course, a mother would, considered a masterpiece. Harry, too, was so satisfied that he made no changes in it.

That very day he sent the essay to one of the judges of the contest. Within a week the result would be known, and the winning essay together with a picture of the winner, would be published. Harry found it difficult to keep back the excitement he felt. He worked conscientiously, however, the suspicious floor-walker bestowing covert glances on him from time to time.

At last the judges made their decision.

"This does not appear to be the essay of a seventeen-year-old lad," observed one of the judges, the editor of the city's leading paper. "Why, he's a genius. If he agrees, I'll offer him a position as one of my assistant editors."

Harry's face flushed with pleasure as the judges congratulated him. His heart beat feverishly when Mr. Briscoe offered him the position, which in his heart of hearts he had so sincerely desired to obtain *some day*—that *some day* having been but a vague term designating some undetermined future time.

With the necessary medicine which he now could buy, his mother would recover, Lucy would continue her studies, and he—

The sun of prosperity was indeed beginning to smile brightly.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

The Colored Apostolate in the United States

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

It may be of interest to Student Crusaders to point out a few facts regarding Colored Catholics in the United States. Of the 11,000,000 negroes in the United States only 250,000 are Catholics. The proportion is, sad to say, very low and the slow conversion of the race is due to many things. On the part of white Catholics, we may point to the withering effect of racial prejudice and indifference to the cause of the colored missions. On the part of the negroes we may mention ignorance of the true nature of the Catholic Church and the demoralizing effects of over three centuries of servitude. Regarding the colored apostolate itself we may cite the scarcity of missionaries, lack of resources, and the discouraging opposition of prejudiced parties.

There have been seven colored priests in the United States, four of whom are living at the present time. Fathers Uncle and Dorsey, S. S. J., are at Baltimore, Maryland; Father S. Theobald, a secular, at St. Paul, Minn.; and Father Joseph John, L. A. M., at Louisville, Ky. These priests, hampered in their activities and subject to countless forms of persecution due to their color, are truly martyrs to the cause of Christ. St. Augustine's Seminary, founded by the S. V. D. Fathers of Techny, Illinois, has an enrollment of about thirty negro boys who are preparing for a separate branch of the Society of the Divine Word.

There are three Negro Sisterhoods, comprising over 300 Sisters, in this country: the Oblates of Providence, founded at Baltimore in 1829; the Sisters of the Holy Family, at New Orleans in 1842; and the Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, at Savannah, Georgia, in 1917. This last-mentioned Sisterhood now has its mother house in New York City, where it bids fair to flourish. Colored Sisters, although greatly revered by their own people and highly respected by all right-minded Catholics, are nevertheless subject to many trying circumstances in their manifold mission work.

May God preserve the Faith of the chosen few, lead the straying millions into the true fold, prosper the labors of the priests and bless the self-sacrificing lives of the sisters.

Abbey and Seminary

—As we write, the Christmas holidays are still on. Vacation opened on the morning of December 22nd. Owing to the completion of the new highway to Dale, the trip to the railway station has lost some of its ancient charm and thrills. In former years the students arose at 4 a. m. After a hurried preparation for the journey they were off in haste before day had dawned, and, oh—such roads! But the scene has changed. The hour for rising was the same as on other days. Mass was attended and there was plenty of time for breakfast. Before 7:30, the time set for departure, twenty-seven automobiles were at their appointed places

on the College side. In almost no time each machine absorbed its quota and sped rapidly away. By previous arrangement the student body had been divided into groups, and each had its station. Thus matters were greatly facilitated and soon 200 boys were homeward bound. No, the ticket agent wasn't worried a particle when he saw them come 300 strong,—from College and Seminary, waiting to board the outgoing trains. To avoid confusion at this most tense of all moments, tickets had been procured the day before. Automobiles honked, shrill whistles shrieked, and big and little piled into the extra coaches that the railway company had provided for the home-coming. The trains glided off in haste, the spirit of the season—a contagious spirit, endemic here and now—took possession of the travelers, and all went merry as a Christmas bell.

The weather man gave us a real old-fashioned Christmas with ice and snow. The crisp, brisk air of the holy morn was exhilarating. At the Abbey Christmas passed according to the time-honored customs of former years. At 1:30 a. m. the "angels" greeted "sound" and silent sleepers alike with joyful strains of the "Gloria." As the echoes of the sacred hymn died out the monks arose to begin the work of Christmas day with Matins at 2. Thereafter was the first Solemn High Mass, Solemn Lauds, and the private Masses. After a brief pause, in which the inner man was treated to some refreshment, Prime was sung, then followed the second Solemn High Mass. At nine o'clock the Rt. Rev. Abbot celebrated Pontifical High Mass.—Christmas joys at the Abbey must be experienced to be understood. A clicking typewriter cannot communicate the all-pervading spirit of happiness that the great feast brings with it.

—December 27th was the first anniversary of the death of Father Jerome Hunt, our senior Indian missionary. The solemn anniversary Mass was celebrated two days before Christmas.

—Shortly after Christmas serious loss by fire, due to spontaneous combustion, it is conjectured, threatened our supply of coal in the big bin at the power house. By dint of strenuous effort by day and by night the flames were finally quenched.

—Of the seven young men who, at their religious profession on December 24, 1874, took the names of the seven martyred sons of St. Felicitas, only three remain to us: Father Alexander, and Brothers January and Philip. Besides the first-named, two others, Fathers Silvan and Felix, also became priests of the community, but both have long since gone to their reward. Brother Martial has likewise been gathered to his fathers. Brother Vitalis, however, later entered the secular priesthood and still lives. The celebration of the golden jubilee occurred on the Sunday after Christmas. When the community had assembled as usual at seven in the chapter room on the evening previous, Father Abbot congratulated the jubilarians on the rare privilege that was theirs and offered them best wishes for the future. F. Alexander celebrated the solemn jubilee Mass at 9 the next morning. At the Offertory of the Mass the three jubilarians renewed their vows individually in the presence of the Rt. Rev. Abbot and the com-

community assembled in the sanctuary. At noon, of course, there was "colloquium" at table in the dining room, which had been tastefully decorated in papal and national colors. The repast was interspersed with original songs that had been written for the occasion. Vespers at 2:15 was followed by a delightful gathering of the monastic family. The gifts presented by the community to the jubilarians were not of a material nature, but were rich spiritual bouquets of Masses said or heard, besides numerous other good works and prayers. The students of both departments had likewise contributed generously to the spiritual bouquets. Though their years of service have been long, the jubilarians are still active. Brother Philip fills a very important post, that of chief cook—and he has 400 hungry mouths to fill three times a day. This is no small task, not that the mouths are of extraordinary size, but the appetite of the young is proverbial. Brother January conducts the henry, furnishes the kitchen with fresh eggs, runs a tin shop for domestic purposes, improves the quality of the fruit in the near-by garden, cans fruit for the winter, and stores away for table use the apple crop. It will not be out of place to mention here that during the past season he canned 1700 gallons of fruit and vegetables and dried 1000 pounds of pears. May it please God to shower His choicest blessings on our jubilarians. A great reward is promised for service faithfully rendered.

—As we close our health accounts for the old year, we feel that a deep debt of gratitude is due Almighty God for the general good health of the community. Of those who at sundry times in the past twelvemonth went to the hospital for "repairs," all are now at home with us. Brother Aloysius is at the reins or sitting behind the steering wheel; while Brother Michael still radiates sunshine by his genial disposition, he cannot as yet use the foot that was injured. A wheel chair serves him as "locomotor."

—Rev. Aloysius Weisenberger, class of '08, who was appointed first resident pastor of Mars, Pa., last July, has been promoted to the pastorate of St. Joseph Church, New Castle, Pa. Until his appointment to Mars, Father Weisenberger had been assistant at St. George Church, Pittsburgh, since his ordination. He has also been named assistant diocesan director of sodalities.

Book Notices

"Novena for the Relief of the Poor Souls in Purgatory," by a missionary of the Sacred Heart. With Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Milwaukee. 6th edition revised. 62 pages, 15¢ per copy, postpaid; \$1.50 per dozen, postage 10¢. Columbia Publishing Co., 35 Martin St., Milwaukee. The novena consists of brief meditations for each day, besides prayers for each day of the week, the Heroic Act of Charity, ejaculations, etc. From the same Publishing Company comes another booklet, now in its 160th thousand, "Daily Communion," which contains 32 pages. Here the faithful will find something of interest on frequent and daily Communion, conditions, preparation and thanksgiving, Communion of children, etc. Price 5¢; 40¢ per dozen; \$2.50 per 100, postpaid. May be had either in English or in German.

From the Extension Press we have received the "Story of Jesus," by Francis J. Finn, S. J., a booklet of 16 pages, size 11x13, with 8 full-page, four-color illustrations depicting scenes from the life of Christ. Price 50¢. Taken from the masters, the illustrations present a very pleasing and attractive appearance. It is such that we should place in the hands of children to educate their taste to higher ideals of art.

The Cunard Steamship Company has issued for general distribution an attractive booklet entitled "Anno Santo" (Holy Year). Among the illustrations it contains are photographic reproductions of His Holiness Pius XI, Cardinals Dougherty, Hayes, and Mundelein. Another illustration shows the Archbishop of Wellington, New Zealand, celebrating Mass on the "Aquitania," a ship of the Cunard Line.

The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, 185 E. 76th St., New York, has just published "Eucharistic Directions," translated from the French of the Ven. Peter Julian Eymard. 158 pages. Paper, 50¢; cloth, \$1.00. While this booklet was written for the Associates of the Blessed Sacrament, it will prove a source of edification and instruction to the faithful in general, to whom we heartily recommend it.

"Organ Compositions," by Rev. Vincent Wagner, O. S. B. Father Vincent, organist at St. Meinrad's Abbey Church for many years, evinces in these beautiful selections a taste for true church atmosphere and lyric prayerfulness which is as refreshing as it is rare. There are two volumes, each containing two selections. In Vol. I we find a Prelude of great breadth and beauty, suggestive of the rising arches of some magnificent cathedral. Father Vincent's original and richly colored harmony is here especially in evidence. Chords strike the ear that possess something more than beauty—strength, nobility, and ethereal depth; while the weaving of them all into one flowing whole satisfies the ear in a particular manner, leaving that impression common to all superior music—the desire for repeated hearing. In Vol. II is contained another exquisite gem, called "Supplication." In this little masterpiece, it is melody that predominates—the sequence of notes possessing a haunting quality of romanticism strongly reminiscent of Robert Schumann's school. Organists who are looking for real organ music of original and scholarly beauty, will be delighted with these volumes. Thomas Donlan, 325 W. 75th St., New York City. Each Volume, 60 cents.

"The Contrast," by Hilaire Belloc. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York, publishers. For a review of this book see elsewhere in this issue.

BULLETIN PAROISSIAL LITURGIQUE

If any of our readers, who understand French, wish to keep in touch with the liturgical movement in Europe, we would recommend to them the *Bulletin Paroissial Liturgique*, with its excellent supplements that give a practical course in liturgy, explain the Mass popularly, teach Gregorian chant, give practical lessons in ecclesiastical needlework, etc. The Benedictine monks of l'Abbaye de St. André, Lophem-les-Bruges, Belgium, are the publishers. The Very Rev. Dom Gaspar Lefebvre, O. S. B., Prior of St. Andrew's, is the author of quite a number of liturgical works, among which is a splendid Latin-English Missal for every day (translated from the French). Besides the Masses for each day, this Missal contains Vespers, Compline, the hymns with notes; morning and evening prayers; preparation for, and thanksgiving after, Holy Communion; Benediction hymns with notes; and other prayers and devotions.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

A Friend Indeed

JESSIE MARIE, may I come in and warm myself awhile?" A tall young girl stood in the door, the fingers of one hand held tightly in the other, her teeth chattering, and her shoulders hunched in her thin crepe blouse.

"Well, what's the matter now?"

"The radiator in my room is a perfect iceberg; I've 'phoned down to the janitor an hour ago to come up and see what ails it, but he hasn't showed up yet. Oh, yours is just sizzling hot. How delicious!" And she laid her icy-cold hands along the top, rested her elbows upon it, even put her face down close to it, in her efforts to get warm.

"What you need is a little exercise; had your morning walk yet?" asked Jessie Marie, looking up from the score sheet, where she had been writing out a lesson in counterpoint for an expected pupil.

"Morning walk! Jessie May, are you out of your senses? Do you know it is several degrees below zero this morning?"

"I know it, and you ought to be up and out in it for a brisk walk like me. I'm never cold." Cynthia screwed up her nose into wrinkles, while she made eyes at her friend.

"I hate fresh air fiends. Life holds little enough without being as hard on oneself as all that. The hours I spend in sleep are about the happiest out of the twenty-four." Jessie Marie shook her head.

"Only twenty-five and talking like that already? Why, I awaken each morning at six, and leap out of bed, eager for the interesting new things each day brings me." Cynthia nodded her head with a cynical smile.

"They go hand in hand, these fresh-air fiends and made-to-order optimists; I admire their nerve to fly in the face of life and swear they are happy and enjoy it, but I'll bet any amount of money, in their hearts they don't really feel that way."

"Cynthia, if you buck up, ignore sadness and shout to everybody that you are happy, by and by you will begin to believe it yourself. Why give in and let the blue devils 'get you'?"

"Pshaw, I'm sick of fighting them; if I go to see a show or to the park to forget things a bit, what good does it do? When I come back here, the little ultramarine imps are waiting behind the door, ready to spring upon me again."

"Doesn't your art bring you any happiness? For my part, the driest scales and exercises my pupils play, have me sitting rapt and interested during every minute of the lesson. I find joy in noting each little improvement in their playing, and the hour is too short for me."

"Yes, I do find forgetfulness in my art—when my heart isn't too heavy, but how you can ever extract a thrill from a lot of clumsy kid fingers, tinpanning everlasting from hour to hour, is beyond me!"

"I do, though—not only because it brings me a livelihood, but because I love my work and live for it."

"Well, that's a good way to look at it, but then, you have a home and folks, while I—have nobody. I'm sick and tired of going to that horrid boarding house every night; I'm sick of the design on the wall paper, and the faded pink flowers on the rug, and the pictures of the lady equestrienne forever in midair, leaping a rock wall, and the one called 'A Yard of Puppies'—oh shucks, what's the use! Life is such a problem."

Jessie May arose and kindly put her hands on Cynthia's shoulders.

"Poor child! If it's companionship and healthy enjoyment you lack, why not come out to my house for the week-end? I promise you enough noise and excitement to last you for some time. You know I have quite a number of brothers and sisters. There is sister Jule, who bosses me—she's older, you know, and Trix, who's sixteen, and worthy of her name; there are the Rough-and-Tumble Twins, as we call them—Norbert and Robert—they're ten, and if you should find anything live and squirming in your pockets, lay it at their door; there's Ted, the parson of the family—he's studying to be a priest—he's still in Prep, but will board next year; and Edwin, who is training to be railroad president—at least he says so. Now, if that list suits you, and you think you can put up with a lot of ear-splitting rackets, you are welcome to share my room at home, which has a bay, with cushions, and pennants from Lady-of-the-Lake and Sacred Heart and St. Cecilia's Music School, and footstools and a home-made easy chair, and—and—mercy me! I've quite run out of breath—" Cynthia was laughing until the tears ran from her eyes, and she kissed Jessie Marie and hugged her, as she replied,

"You dear child! I feel better already; I do believe I am suffering from loneliness or some such ailment, and the prospect of a lot of noise and family

excitement, and twins getting into a scrap, and elder sister bawling you out is rather enticing, I must say. I gladly accept your invitation, Jessie May. But say, tell me; where do you go so early every morning?"

"To church, if you must know," replied Jessie Marie with a smile.

"To church! Every day?"

"Every day; it is that which gives my day a good start, and the thought of this early morning visit with God sweetens every hour for me." Cynthia could only shake her head in surprise.

"For my part, I cannot see anything in religion; you know, I don't believe in that sort of thing."

"Surely you believe in God?" Cynthia shrugged.

"How do I know He exists? I've never had it proven."

"Poor child!" again said Jessie Marie. "No wonder you're unhappy." There was a noise as of knocking at the door across the hall.

"There! That's the janitor. I must go. Thank you so much for letting me warm up!"

"That's all right; come in any time." The door had hardly closed, when it opened again to admit a music pupil, and soon Jessie Marie was engrossed in the intricacies of the lesson. The building where they both rented rooms was called the Studio Building, and in it were housed writers, artists, musicians, sculptors, etc. Cynthia had occupied her studio a year before Jessie Marie came on the scene, and their rooms were directly opposite. Soon they became friends, and, while Jessie Marie was self-sufficient, Cynthia, on the other hand, continually sought her out, with a sort of pathetic wistfulness. For Jessie Marie's friends all knew she was a good listener, and never too busy to lend her aid and sympathy.

It was a busy morning; hardly had the pupil left, but in walked Jean Warneau, the sculptor from downstairs. He had struck up quite a friendship with Jessie Marie, for he had found her well-read and an interesting conversationalist, and they found much to discuss and analyze.

"Good morning! Busy? You are always in session with somebody, and it really is a hard thing to get a word with you. But I watched this time; no more did your pupil pass my door, but I said to myself—now is your chance, Jean. But if you can't talk, don't hesitate to give me the boot."

"You may talk until the next pupil arrives, Mr. Warneau—which will be in about ten minutes." Jessie smiled kindly, and her visitor was reassured.

"What did you think of Father Elden's sermon yesterday? Wasn't it a corker?"

"Yes! I was wishing some of my Protestant friends were there to hear it—so clear and enlightening, I don't see how anyone could retain a doubt after hearing it."

Mr. Warneau knitted his brows and looked down, hesitating.

"That was what I wanted to talk to you about. You know, Cynthia and I have been pretty close friends for about a year—I dare think she cares for me more

than she will show. Up to now I was satisfied to take her as she is, but now—after Father's sermon, which was so strong against mixed marriages, I would rather she saw things my way. But, Miss Albers, she is such a little atheist; every time I lead up to matters of religion, she shakes me off and changes the conversation. I wonder if you couldn't do something with her?"

"Am I to congratulate you?"

"Not yet; I don't know if she'll have me. She seems unhappy about something, and keeps putting me off."

"Yes, I noticed it too. Be assured you have my best wishes, anyway, and I'll surely do all I can for you. She is to visit at my house for the week-end; maybe then I can manage to insert a wedge into her armor." They both arose as a youth of fifteen or thereabouts entered, music roll under his arm.

"Well, I'll say good-bye, and thank you so much. I knew you'd consent to help."

"Oh surely; good-bye."

Jessie Marie lived out in the suburbs in a rambling frame house of many rooms, with fascinating nooks and corners, which made up for the rather aimless design of its exterior. However, it was always neatly painted, and the smooth lawn and clipped hedge fence gave it a well-kept appearance.

"What a homey-looking place it is!" exclaimed Cynthia as they came down the street from the car line. "Really, it almost holds out its arms in welcome, and that wide brick chimney with the ivy climbing upon it makes it quite picturesque. It must be a beautiful place in summer!"

"Do you think so?" asked Jessie Marie, who had never had any romantic thoughts of the place, except as it held all those dear to her.

"Why yes; I would like to paint it some day. I would call it 'Home Sweet Home.'"

"Well, we are going to try to make you feel at home in it, anyway."

Cynthia was duly introduced around, and then shown up to Jessie Marie's room, which she was to share with her friend.

"Your mother is just the sort of person I pictured her," said Cynthia, after she had rested awhile. "You know, it makes me feel real homesick and weepy to have everyone so kind and hearty toward me—"

"Well, Cynthia! If you talk that way, I shall be sorry I asked you. I want you to feel happy; not homesick," said Jessie in her gentle way.

"It's the contrast, Jessie May, that's all. And I do think your elder sister the dearest person; I don't believe she ever bosses you. I refuse to believe it!"

"Oh yes she does; she preaches to me what sort of fellows I must go out with, scolds me when I don't take my rubbers in rainy weather, chases me to bed when I sometimes sit up composing music—in short, she's a terrible tyrant" Cynthia sighed.

"I wish someone'd boss me for a change. At least I'd feel that somebody cared." Jessie Marie looked at her closely.

"I think somebody does care a great deal—" she said significantly. Cynthia looked up.

"Who told you?" she was blushing becomingly. Jessie Marie held up her index finger.

"A little bird, dear. Is it to be very soon?" She was probing.

"Oh, he's a nice enough boy, but—but—he's so narrow and dogmatic—such a church-runner. I don't fancy that in a man."

"Well, I like that! What about me?" Her tone was mock-severe, while an indulgent smile twitched at the corners of her mouth.

"Oh you—you're an angel, Jessie May. It's becoming in a woman, but for a man—"

"Hm! And why cannot a man be an angel too? Would you rather have a demon than an angel?"

"Well, no—but, you don't understand. You see, I don't believe in anything, and I really think my husband ought to be of the same mind. It would work for smoothness."

"Bravo! Well said, Cynthia. That is one of the rules of our church—to marry one who is of the same mind—that is, the same religion."

"Then why should Jean want *me*? Why doesn't he obey the rules of his church?"

"He will obey them—if you'll let him."

"Jessie! Come down! Supper is on the table!" It was Julia's voice from the kitchen. It was a jolly, lively meal, and Cynthia laughed so hard, that every last vestige of her "blues" disappeared. The twins were particularly comical, and cut so many antics that they were finally silenced by their father, a rather stern man, who, nevertheless, found himself hard put to keep his equanimity. Ted told a funny story from school—about one of the fellows, who hid the prefect's alarm clock, only to have it go off while the president was giving a lecture and no one could discover its hiding place, nor did anyone except the culprit himself, know who did it.

Edwin followed with some good ones about "the boss," and "the guys in the office," and Triz told of the girl with the hot temper, who threw one of her schoolmates off the steps into a bed of sharp cinders, only to be compelled by Sister Alice to carry a cushion for a week, like a waiting maid, for the other girl to kneel and sit on, wherever she went.

The meal over, they repaired to the living room, where there were some lively songs, and more stories, and one or two boy friends came in, and Cynthia could not remember when she had enjoyed herself more. However, everyone seemed to know the hour of adjournment in that household; at 10:30, they all said good night and left, while the rest of the family gathered about the mantel above the fireplace, where lovely tall statues of Jesus and His Mother stood, and Mr. Albers led off the rosary, while the others responded. It was something new to Cynthia, who had never learned the least jot or tittle about religion, and it touched her strangely. It seemed to her, as she sat and listened, that the Blessed Mother's eyes looked with tender love upon the assembled family, as they told off the prayers she loves so well, and that the beautiful Christ with the red, burning heart in His

hand, seemed to gaze, mysteriously, fascinatingly, into her own eyes. The beautiful brown orbs seemed to call, to invite, to reproach her for something, and yet, to draw her most tenderly. What was it about this divine figure—she scarcely knew who it was—that sent mysterious radiograms, as it were, to her heart? And why has it, she asked herself, that all the Catholic persons she knew, were such headlong people—such enthusiasts about their religion? Not one of them would miss Mass on Sunday for a million dollars; her Protestant friends were not like that. They went to church or not, just as they felt disposed.

Soon the lights were out, and everybody was silent and snug in bed, while outside the winter wind howled about the corners, and vainly tried to scatter the cozy warmth within. Suddenly, Jessie Marie was aware that the girl lying beside her was sobbing; with quick sympathy, she placed her arm about Cynthia's neck.

"Oh, my dear, what is the matter? Come, do tell me," she said.

"Oh Jessie May, you think I am good, don't you; but I'm not. I have no rest; I must tell you the truth. I ran away from home. I wanted to be an artist and my father didn't approve. He wanted me to be a milliner instead, but I hated it. Mother had \$150 saved up in bank for me, against the time I should marry; one day I drew it out without her knowledge and ran away up here. I've become an artist, and it is beginning to pay now, but I am more wretched than any beggar that sleeps at night on a park bench."

"Poor child! I am so sorry for you! Tell me anything you want to, dear if it will make you feel better."

"Jessie May, do you think I am so very bad? Do you think I could regain my self-respect again? That was one reason why I wouldn't listen to Jean. I hated myself; I felt that he would condemn me if he knew my story."

"You care for him, dear?"

"I do like him very much; but with all this heartache, I scarcely knew whether I cared enough to marry him or not. Oh Jessie Marie, what shall I do?"

"Well, the first thing I should do to ease my sore heart, would be, to write your father and mother a loving letter, begging forgiveness, and sending them a present of money, if you have it. To be at peace with one's folks is one way of being happy."

"Don't I know it, Jessie May? I've suffered tortures because of it, and yet—I felt that I must be true to the talent that was given me. I'll do it; my heart feels lighter already. Could I do it at once? Have you pen and ink and paper here?"

"Indeed yes, dear—here in my little desk." The two girls arose, and for half an hour, the only sound in the room was the scratching of a pen. When the letter was completed, Jessie produced an envelope and stamp, and promised to mail it for her friend on her way to Mass in the morning.

"Dear," said Cynthia, after the envelope was sealed and stamped. "What is it makes you so assiduous in your religious duties? What particular satisfaction,

if any, do you get out of it?" Jessie Marie clasped her hands and looked heavenward.

"Oh Cynthia, I wish I could describe to you the sweetness and peace of heart which is given to us when we receive the sacraments of our church. The Sacrament of Penance wipes away all our guilt and makes our hearts as light as feathers, and the Eucharist, or Holy Communion, brings us face to face with Jesus Himself. I can scarcely wait for each morning to come, so I might receive Him!" Cynthia was so interested, she sat as one spellbound; she saw by the unearthly sweetness of Jessie Marie's face, that something supernatural was at work here.

"Jessie May, I wish you would explain to me a little about your religion; perhaps I could find it in me to join something that makes such happy people as you are. I am sick to death of being like a ship without anchor—nothing much to expect in life—nothing at all after death. Life is hardly worth the living without some motive."

"Indeed, I will be glad to explain anything you want to know. I wish I could tell the whole world about those things, so there wouldn't be any more unhappy people."

Far into the night they talked, and when they finally dropped off to rest, the heart of one glowed with apostolic fire, while the other's was strangely at peace, after the torment of five years.

A week later, one morning, the door opened, and Cynthia walked into Jessie Marie's studio waving a letter; her eyes were stained with tears, but her lips were smiling happily.

"It's from my mother; she says she prayed morning and night that she might hear from me some day, and that my letter shocked her like an answer from Heaven. She said it proved to her that God was willing to make up with her, for you know, Jessie May, she was a Catholic before she married my father, and now she's made up her mind to go back to her religion."

"Oh, Cynthia! Then you are not altogether a pagan, are you?" laughed Jessie Marie.

"Well, I don't believe I was ever baptized in any church. So I suppose I am still a pagan."

"What if you—" but suddenly Jessie Marie's eyes were arrested by something bright and glittery on the third finger of Cynthia's left hand.

"Cynthia! Don't tell me you are—" Cynthia nodded happily.

"I promised him last night. I begin my instructions with Father Elden tonight."

Queens Who Became Saints

Sometimes we find two saints sitting on the same throne, as in the case of St. Henry and St. Cunegunde. Cunegunde's parents were very pious, and trained her to a good, virtuous life. She was married to Henry when he was Duke of Bavaria, but he was afterwards chosen king of the Romans, and then she was crowned queen, on which occasion she made presents to all the churches of Paderborn, where the coronation took place.

Before her marriage, she made, with Henry's consent, a vow of virginity. However, later, she was calumniated to him by certain ill-willed people, and to prove her innocence, walked over red-hot ploughshares without being in the least burnt. By this miracle God showed that He was well pleased with her, and it made her husband love her more than ever.

When he died, she gave away all her property, put off her royal robes and donned a poor habit. She became the lowliest of women, and did not wish to be reminded that she had been an empress. She led a life of hard labor, giving her time to the sick and poor. After fifteen years of this self-immolation and mortification, she died, a poor woman, to receive an eternal crown for the earthly one she sacrificed.

How much a queen can accomplish for her people by her prayers and saintliness is shown by the life of St. Margaret. She was the granddaughter of Edmund Ironside and a niece of St. Edmund the Confessor. She and her brother Edgar fled from England when William the Conqueror was king, fearing the latter's tyranny; they were kindly received by Malcolm of Scotland, who knew what it was to be an exile, having fled after Macbeth had murdered his father Duncan.

Later, Malcom fell in love with Margaret; it is said that her beauty was extraordinary, and this, added to her wit, piety, and virtue, won over the whole court to her. At first she had thoughts of entering the religious life, but she finally decided to marry him. He was rough and unpolished, but upright and free from wickedness, and Margaret soon gained a great influence over him. She softened his temper, polished his manners, and instilled into him a deep piety. Those were happy days in Scotland, for through his wife, Malcom became one of the most virtuous kings who ever sat upon the throne of that country. Wise laws were made, abuses corrected, and the poor looked after by this tender woman's influence and kindness. In Lent and Advent the King and Queen often brought in great numbers of poor people, serving them on their knees from the royal table, and often the king spent the night in prayer, urged on by the pious example of his saintly wife.

She gave little time to sleep, arose at midnight and went to Matins in the church, began the day by giving alms, heard several Masses, and recited several of the short offices every day—the mother of eight children and a queen besides! Her husband died defending his country, and she died four days later, having spent six months of excruciating pain on a sick bed. She was forty-seven years old at her death, having sanctified all those about her by her own saintliness.

Our Modern Kitchens

Imagine Colonial days, when all of the cooking, both in summer and winter, had to be done at a great, picturesque fireplace, which, however, was anything but picturesque when it came to cooking in it, with the unwieldy copper kettles, iron pots and meat spits, which had to be hung over a wood fire, and tended constantly—to say nothing of the log-cutting which was

done by hand, dragging in the fuel, and having all the ashes, dirt and smoke handy, ready to blow into the room whenever a gale blew up.

Nowadays, we are much more comfortable with our beautiful blue, white or grey enamel ranges, sanitary linoleum, and gas and electric appliances. There are the oil, gas, or electric ranges, giving the last word in sanitary, economical service, with oven regulators, asbestos-lined baking compartments, where the flame may be turned off and the baking continue on its own conserved heat—to say nothing of the fireless cookers, which save so much of a woman's time.

But if one has not a fireless cooker, and the fuel bills are high from much baking, there are new little devices on the market, which are ingenious in construction and principle. These are small, round ovens with many compartments, no larger than a good-sized pot, which fit over one burner, and in which a whole meal may be cooked for the same price that one viuetal is usually cooked in single pots. They may be had at all good hardware stores, and contain four separate compartments—one for cooking chicken, or other small roast, one for potatoes or other vegetable, one for cake and a muffin pan. Cakes, puddings, beans, macaroni or pies may be baked to perfection in these economical little ovens; they are a boon for small families, or where the housewife has invited a friend to luncheon, and she does not wish to prepare more than just enough for the one meal.

Larger pans may be purchased, however, if a larger meal is to be prepared. All cooking with this device must be done with the flame lowered from one-half to three-fourths, and, as the ordinary oven will consume from three to four times as much fuel as the small surface burners, one will be agreeably surprised at the cut in the fuel bill. It is also an added inducement for hot weather, since little or no heat emanates from one burner—or at least it is not noticed.

Steamed foods have an especial value, since much of the mineral content is lost in ordinary cooking, while in this device, being closely covered and compact, all the health-giving and body-building juices are retained, and do not escape in steam.

There is also a small broiler made to use over one burner, and consisting of iron drip-pan, wire rack, and closely-fitting cover; the stove-grating is removed, and a holder supports the device over the flame. It is a boon for two people, where the heat of the oven broiler is undesirable and expensive.

Social Service

The need of some sort of organized social service has long been recognized, but up to two years ago, no regular community had been established to carry on this most necessary work. The Protestants have long had all sorts of centers, such as, Salvation Army, Volunteers of America, etc., who go about from home to home in the slums, doing uplift work.

But two years ago, in New York, a community of Catholic women was established, who go from house to house, instructing children and adults, bringing stray

Catholics back to the Church, reconstructing broken homes, helping in a charitable way, in short, doing everything needful, which comes under the heading of charity. These workers live the life of a religious community, yet, dress in ordinary civilian garb; in this way, they can go in many places where a nun or priest could not penetrate, and the good they do is untold.

It is a unique work, different from any ever attempted before, but filling a crying need. Although such a young community, they are growing by leaps and bounds, for doubtless, such a work will appeal to many young women who have not been called to the cloistered life.

They have a wonderful novitiate house out in the country, standing on a 120-acre farm, part of which is park. The sweetness and silence of the beautiful landscaped park surrounding the buildings is surely conducive to meditation and preparation for their Christ-like work, and it is said, a veritable harvest of souls has been the result of the labors of the noble women who have been trained here. They are particularly glad to accept anyone who has been trained in secular social work.

The immigrant, too, is taken care of, for how many have fallen into wrong hands—young girls, for instance, who, not knowing the country, were lured to places where they could never more regain their self-respect. Promoting family life, family prayers, and rescuing boys and girls from danger is another of their activities, as also visiting courts, jails and other institutions, where in their soft-spoken, winning way, they lead fallen or broken souls back to God.

How much the everyday Catholic woman could do in this line, right among her own relatives, neighbors, and acquaintances! To comfort those who are in sorrow, lend a helping hand when friends or neighbors are in trouble, help to uplift a repentant wrongdoer instead of turning our backs in contempt, etc. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said the Lord. This is one of the hardest works of mercy to perform, since the peacemaker very often is rebuffed and insulted; yet many of us could help effect reconciliations if we would. There was one woman, who came of a large family, which had strayed hither and yon, fallen away from religion, married non-Catholics, etc.; she took it upon herself to see that one and all returned to their Faith; she did it gently, lovingly, so that no one could find it in him to resent her noble efforts. She strove to have the wrong marriages righted, talked angry wives and husbands into forgiving each other, often righted money quarrels with her own pocketbook, and, in short, became so well known as a peacemaker and a charitable woman, that people send for her in their troubles.

Another thing all Catholics, men and women, can do in these days of revived bigotry and intolerance, is to be so well posted on the different points of our religion, that no prejudiced person, however shrewd and misinformed, can flash a single question that could dumbfound us and go unanswered. In this way, many a weak, wavering party has been brought back, or a total unbeliever convinced and brought into the Fold.

Household Hints

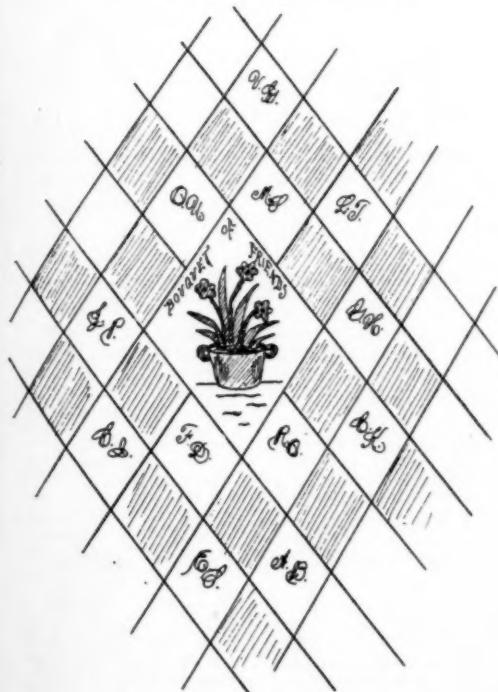
To reburnish brass articles that have become dull and tarnished, polish first with some good brass polish, then coat with the following mixture: To a half pint of spirits of wine, put one ounce of orange shellac; apply with a new brush, and when dry, your brasses will remain bright indefinitely.

When boiling an old fowl, or tough meat, add a pinch of baking soda to the water; simmer gently and the meat will be tender.

To temper new chinaware, so that it will not craze afterwards from hot foods and beverages, place it in a pan of cold water, bring it to a boil, then let stand in the pan until it is cold again.

Clean alabaster or Carrara marble ornaments with a paste made of white soap, powdered whitening and milk. Coat the ornament, leave it dry, then wash off again; wipe first with soft cloth, then with white flannel.

The Needlework Design



This month we present a patch-quilt design called "Bouquet of Friends." No doubt there are many of our readers who love to spend the long winter afternoons in the time-honored, but soul-satisfying occupation of quilt-making—at least, there are few housewives who do not prize and treasure their handmade quilts, and never feel that they can have too many.

This design, however, is particularly appealing to young brides-elect, who are preparing their trousseaux,

or to her friends, who plan to make her a gift, in lieu of a shower, which, nevertheless, will bear a little of the handwork of each. The bride may stamp each little square herself with her friend's initials, and then ask that friend to embroider it as a remembrance, or the friends may do it themselves as a delightful surprise.

The flower pot and flowers are in applique, the whole cut in one, and then traced out in black outline stitch. The quilt may be done in blue and white—the flower pot, every second diamond, the words "Bouquet of Friends" and initials in blue, and the rest in white. Or, it may be vice versa. Or any other color combination would make up nicely—pink and white, yellow and white, or two other contrasting colors.

One little bride had one presented to her of pink and pale blue lingette, backed in pink, and the color contrast was lovely. Applique design, 15¢. Set of 26 initials, 15¢ extra. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 3343A S. Compton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Send stamps or coin.

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Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

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No. 2300—Smart dress for the woman of plump proportions. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of binding. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 730 (blue and yellow) costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2310—Becoming Tunic Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 708 (Blue and yellow) costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2298—Long-Waisted Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 30-inch contrasting and 5½ yards of braid.

No. 2306—Youthful Design. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting and 4¾ yards of braid.

No. 2258—Popular One-Piece Style. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2239—Smartly Tailored Design. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2301—One-Piece Tailored Style. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 42-inch material with ½ yard of contrasting.

No. 2304—The Button Down-The-Front Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material with 1¾ yards of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 1981—One-Piece Dress for Stout. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2210—Simple Daytime Style. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2316—Girls' One-Piece Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2065—Smart Design. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 42-inch material with 2¾ yards of binding.

No. 1164—Small Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material with 5¾ yards of braid.

No. 2313—Attractive Apron. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. The Medium size requires 2 yards of 32, 36 or 40-inch material.

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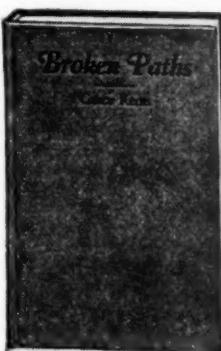
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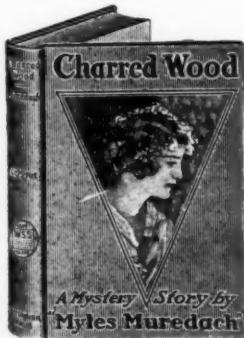
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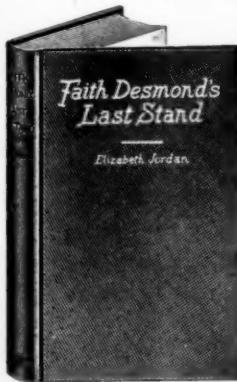
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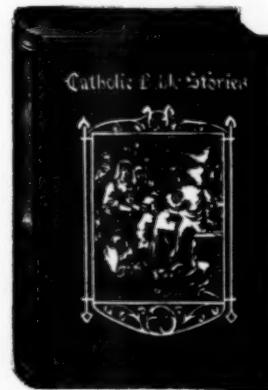
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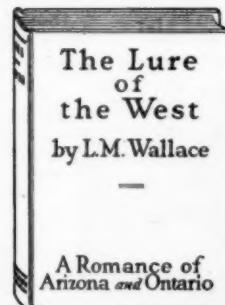
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